Together

Henry J. Kaiser: *Inventory Time*

SARAWAK: *In full color*

Jane Merchant: *Poetess of Faith*

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A Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families January 1960

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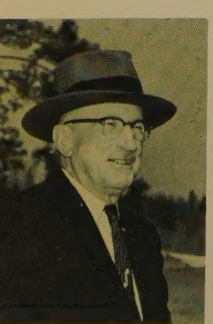
Outdoor Cathedral

EVEN in January, month of snow and storm for much of the country, flowers bloom in a spectacularly beautiful arboretum and wildlife haven 90 miles south of Shreveport, La. Actually, the Pelican State's blue skies and warm sun make this enchanted wilderness a year-round panorama of flowers, forest walkways, greenhouses, streams, and waterfalls. There, each year, Hodges Gardens offer recreation and inspiration to thousands. To create the gardens, man and nature have co-operated. The guiding spirit is A. J. Hodges, a conservation-minded industrialist and Methodist layman, who converted a 4,300—acre site into a great outdoor cathedral where today tall pines murmur over fields of flowers in an area once stripped bare.

Each Easter worshipers meet for sunrise services on the edge of the blue lake surrounding the Hodges home. And in early fall, before classes resume, the much-traveled choir of Methodist-related Centenary College in Shreveport gathers for an inspirational retreat, in a Garden of Eden setting.



A. J. Hodges: Behind his gardens are eight years of work; ahead, still greater efforts.

Photographers, Better Hurry!

TIME's getting short. All transparencies for TOGETHER's fourth photo invitational must be in our offices by February 10, 1960.

We're looking for color transparencies that will illustrate this prayer-poem attributed to Ralph Waldo Emerson. The photo that Carlos Elmer took on Fort Apache Indian Reservation might picturize the line: "For flowers that bloom about our feet." We invite you to use your lens and imagination to help create another eight-page reader-participation color pictorial for TOGETHER readers.

Send us up to 10 transparencies (not prints or Kodacolor negatives). We'll pay $25 for each 35-mm slide used, $35 for larger sizes. Reproduction rights and original transparencies will become the property of TOGETHER (but duplicates will be supplied for your own file). Enclose stamps for return postage. We'll use all reasonable care in handling your transparencies, and all we don't select will be returned.

FATHER IN HEAVEN,
WE THANK THEE

For flowers that bloom about our feet
For tender grass, so fresh and sweet
For song of bird and hum of bee
For all things fair we hear or see—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For blue of stream, for blue of sky
For pleasant shade of branches high
For fragrant air and cooling breeze
For beauty of the blowing trees—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For mother love, for father care,
For brothers strong and sisters fair
For love at home and school each day
For guidance lest we go astray—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

For thy dear, everlasting arms
That bear us o'er all ills and harms
For blessed words of long ago
That help us now thy will to know—
Father in heaven, we thank thee!

Transparencies must be received by February 10, 1960. We suggest you send in your slides now. Address: PHOTO EDITOR, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

A NEIGHBOR, who's 12, is digging a hole in the back rd. What started out as a frontier fort (or maybe a ve that would rival Carlsbad Caverns) has turned into archaeological excavation.

He came over yesterday excited about a "mysterious ject" he had found some four feet down. It turned out be a car crank, rusty now, but once handy—and metimes dangerous. So far, he and his pals also have earthed an old compact, the mirror shattered, the wder caked and hard; the metal framework of a rse; three marbles; a pipestem; a teething ring, and roken mustache cup.

What matters now with the kids isn't what inspired ir digging in the first place, it's the kick they're tting out of daily discovery, of turning up the unpected. And that's the way it's been with us here at OGETHER since the 175th anniversary issue. Something w about something old is turning up every day—d we'll be reporting it to you, beginning this month in *ethodist Americana* on page 47.

Dorothy Hamill, who works for a newspaper in John-n City, Tenn., got the story of *The Day the Hatfields ent to Church* [page 48] by interviewing **E. C. Fogle-an,** son of the old circuit rider who encountered th the Hatfields and the McCoys during their bloody ding days in the hills of Kentucky and West Vir-nia.

"Father's ministry kept him away from home much of e time," the son recalled. "Sometimes as a boy, I uld go with him, riding behind on old Charlie. We uld stay in different homes and always the house-fe brought out her best food for the preacher. In-riably, she had fried chicken. Dad never did like ed chicken, but he ate it all his life!"

The legal profession's loss was journalism's gain when **red Russell** took down his shingle and turned to news-pering. This studious-looking sports writer, whose metimes solemn mien hides an inexhaustible sense of mor, is followed daily by thousands of readers of *he Nashville Banner*. As a good Methodist layman, ussell might modestly object to being classified with e prophets, but many who follow his *Saturday vening Post* pre-season gridiron prognostications be-ve his every word. Now, on page 30, you'll find his ll-American, All-Methodist Elevens, the fourth such lection he has made since TOGETHER first appeared in ctober, 1956.

Our cover: New Year, new baby! It's been done be-re—but seldom, we think, by a cuter model.

—YOUR EDITORS

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

Together *the Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families, established in 1826 as* Christian Advocate.

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Letters

Our staff bulletin board is aflutter with letters and telegrams commenting on the November issue. And herewith we share a few with you. . .

BISHOP PAUL N. GARBER, *Richmond, Va.*—The November TOGETHER is a most excellent issue and gives a true historical picture of American Methodism during the past 175 years.

BISHOP G. BROMLEY OXNAM, *Washington, D.C.*—It is beautifully and inspiringly done. I was delighted to see the photograph of the bishops calling upon President Eisenhower and to note the very friendly letter which he addressed to Bishop Short. It was good of you to run this. We are all very proud. Thanks so very much.

BISHOP D. STANLEY COORS, *St. Paul, Minn.*—It is a masterful piece of work and undoubtedly you will be most heartily acclaimed by all who read it. Congratulations!

BISHOP DANA DAWSON, *Topeka, Kans.*—It is superb. I feel that a copy of this issue should be placed in every Methodist home in the United States. Is there any way this can be accomplished?

P. F. de ZUHUTO, *10 Downing St., Whitehall, England*—The Prime Minister has asked me to thank you for the special issue of TOGETHER, in which he was very interested.

WILFRED WADE, *Professor, Cambridge University*—I want you to know how impressed I am by your Methodist historical map. It is quite exciting. I wish I could see the ways and means of doing something similar for Europe.

REINALDO TOLEDO, *Pastor, Peter Knox Memorial, Moron, Cuba*—What a pity that our Spanish-speaking Methodists cannot enjoy the privilege of reading it! Surely there ought to be a way by which they could share the benefits of reading such fine literature.

KARL D. FRANKE, *Chicago, Ill.*—The pictures and picture-creating words put Methodism on the mind's eye screen.

JOHN O. GROSS, *Board of Education, Nashville, Tenn.*—This . . . certainly furnishes to Methodist people some of the finest materials relating to the beginnings of Methodism that I have ever seen. I especially appreciate the fa that the illustrations reflect somethi of the grandeur of those beginnin days. It may be hoped that this issu will be the beginning of a new concer about the history of The Methodi Church.

DOUGLAS A. HARRELL, *Pastor, L Vegas, Nev.*—The 175th anniversary is sue is superb! It is delightful, informa tive, and is inspirational reading fro cover to cover. Congratulations upo this monumental achievement!

HUGH M. ROBINSON, *Pastor, Joh Stewart Methodist Church, Upper San dusky, Ohio*—This epoch-making cop is on my desk. It is the greates Topically, artistically, and journalisti cally it is truly a Christian churc magazine. Can we keep it up?

G. F. HUBBARTT, *Memorial Hom Warren, Ind.*—As an official delegat to the Sesquicentennial in Baltimore i 1934, I wish to say your 175th anni versary number is a masterpiece o journalism.

DWIGHT P. CARPENTER, *Director Pittsburgh Area Methodist Information Pittsburgh, Pa.*—Heartiest congratulations on a perfectly magnificent job.

DONALD D. BURCHARD, *Head o Department of Journalism, Agricultura and Mechanical College of Texas, College Station, Tex.*—I was impressed by the complete coverage, the excellent illustrations, and the "bouncy" style of most of the articles. Truly it is a worth-while job well done!

JOHN WESLEY NOBLE, *Oakland, Calif.*—It is simply magnificent, if that isn't a paradoxical statement.

LOUISE LEYDEN, *Religion Editor, Miami News*—It is beautifully done with regard to content, color, and make-up and should do much to tell the story of Methodism in America throughout the land. After thoroughly reading my copy, I shall file it away for reference as I know it will be a great help in the years to come.

MRS. J. L. GARBER, *Cedar Rapids, Iowa*—Thank you, thank you, thank you for the anniversary edition—a monument to the Methodist layman. I was especially pleased that John Wesley's conviction of the "inner experience" was

cluded in *What Do Methodist Believe?*

is is Methodism's "power house."

That sampling of comments on our squi-quarto-centennial commemora-e issue reflects, we believe, a vital terest in Methodist lore and history. e are gratified that the November ue could help increase its dimensions nd hope to abet it by continuing ethodist Americana (page 47).—EDS.

elping Isn't Babying!

MRS. NORVILLA JOHNSON
Indianapolis, Ind.

I agree with the article, *A Better orld Begins With Me* [July, 1959, page]. Why do some people think, when u love someone and do things for n, you are babying him? When you e someone, you enjoy doing for him! I am a Baptist, but I am a subscriber your magazine. And why not? Isn't wonderful!

hat's Wrong, Idaho?

MRS. FLORENCE M. GEIGER
Newfane, N.Y.

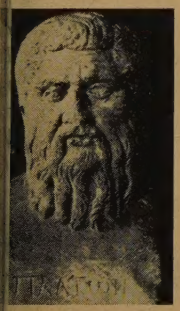
I wish to thank all those readers who ve sent me pictures of churches since name was listed in *Name Your bby* [September, 1957, page 66]. I t count at about 175.

What I enjoyed most were the lovely tes with the pictures. And now the ly state not represented is Idaho.

t 86 She Quotes Plato

MRS. MARY PYLE AMOLE
Chatham, Pa.

I am just an obscurity, 86, and liv-g in a nursing home. But my praise your magazine is great. I simply devoured the October issue.



The pictures are out of this world, the articles enlightening, and the flashes of humor exquisite.

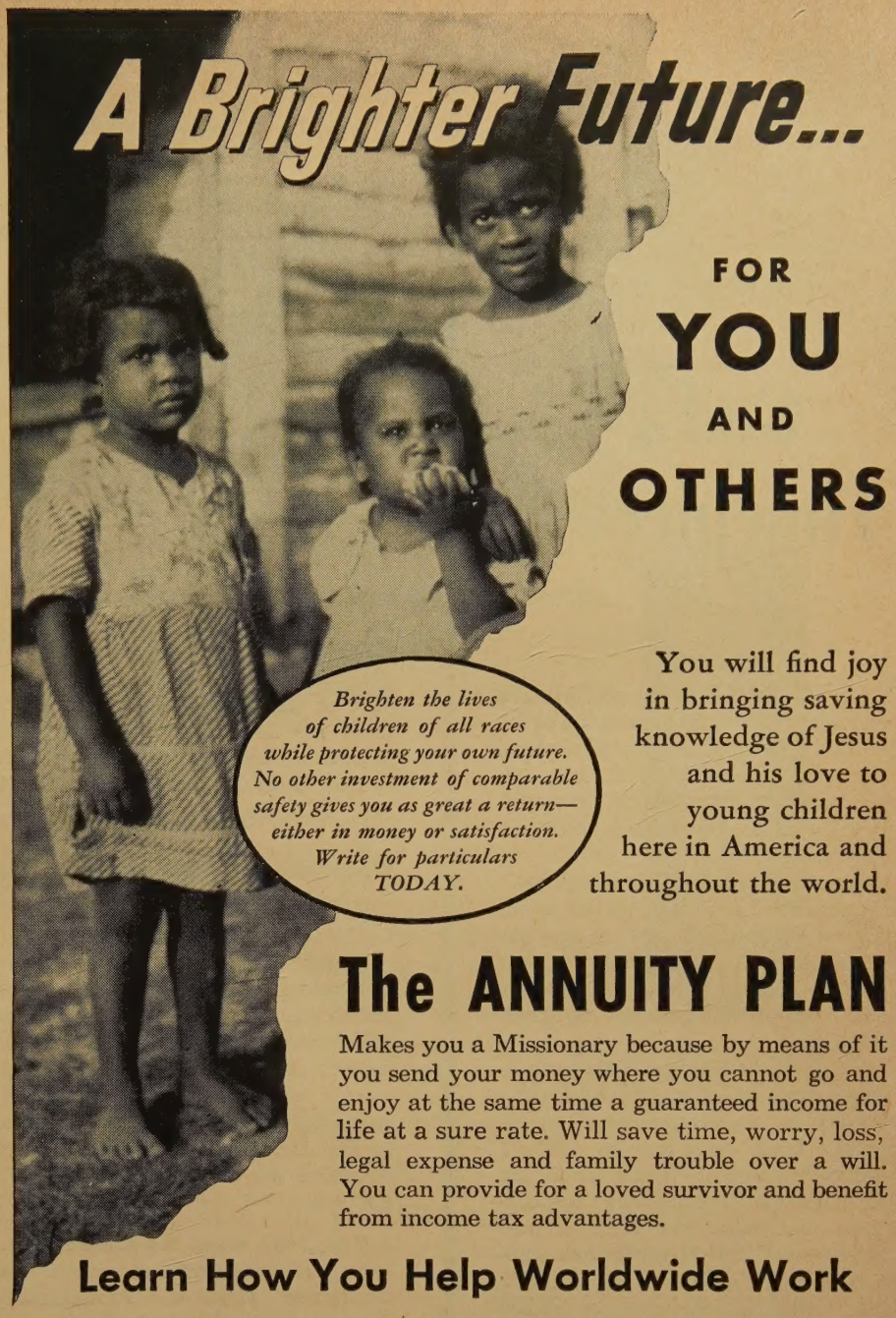
I would like to draw your attention to a magnificent quotation om Plato, written 2400 years ago: "If e head and body are to be well you ust begin by curing the soul."

uthor Guthrie Failed . . .'

MRS. DEAN DOYLE
Hyattville, Wyo.

We of the West like a good West-n and when someone passed to us *hese Thousand Hills* we read it. [See *s Fiction Writers See Us,* November, 59, page 101.]

It was the opinion of my husband nd myself that it was revolting, ob-ene, and farfetched. We were dis-ayed to see our beloved TOGETHER



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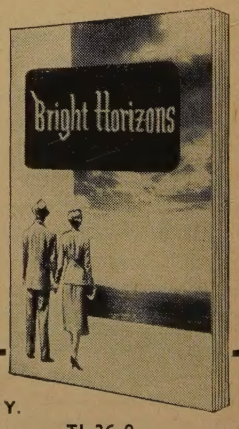

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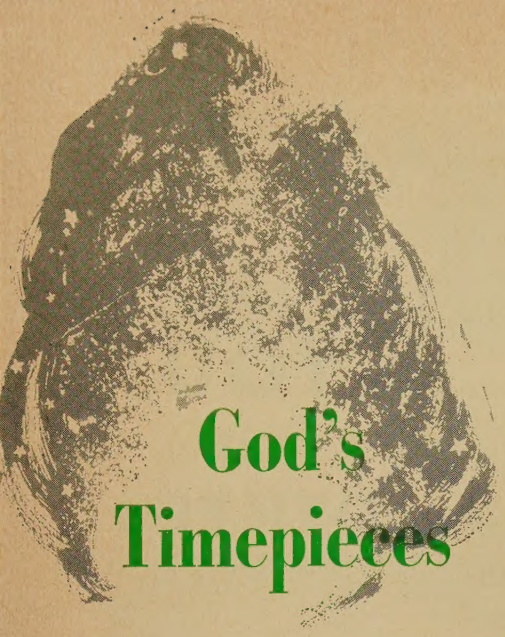

God's Timepieces

NOT SO MANY years ago, Britain's Royal Observatory announced it was installing a new quartz-crystal timepiece, accurate to within 1/1,000th of a second a day. In other words, it would vary less than one second every two and a half years.

Impressive, isn't it? Yet it brings back an experience I had with one of God's timepieces over a half century ago—an experience which, to my mind, makes even the accuracy of the observatory's "clock" appear insignificant by comparison.

It was 1900 and I was a young ministerial student at College of The Pacific. One day, by accident, I found an astronomy book published in 1850. I thumbed through it, found Sirius, the Dog Star, with its ascensions and declinations—and began wondering: Where is Sirius now? Since that book was published, Sirius had risen and set 365 times a year for 50 years, or 18,250 times—plus a few extra appearances on leap years. Was he still on time all these years?

It was 4 P.M. The sun was still quite high in the sky, as I walked over to the observatory and opened the dome. I trained the scope on the spot where, according to my calculations drawn from that old book, Sirius should appear in five minutes. Then, nervously curious, I watched.

Right on the split second, there across the first thread of the micrometer, flashed Sirius; on time, down to the finest measurement. Instantly, I thought of the countless other stars racing through the heavens, like Sirius on time through all the ages.

I bowed my head in awe. God, the master mechanic of our universe, and his majestic timepieces in space were far beyond mere human ken. It was a lesson I'll never forget.—E. H. SMITH

illustrate it and use it as an example of Christian fiction. Perhaps "Brother Van" did many wonderful things, but Author Guthrie failed to make us believe he reformed Lat Evans. Rather, it was his desire for prestige in his community—and a beautiful girl—that swung the pendulum.

May I add that the rest of the anniversary issue is one of the finest you have ever published.

Footnoting the Archbishop . . .

MRS. NELLIE BALDWIN
Long Beach, Calif.

I am thrilled with the November anniversary issue! However, as a former Congregationalist, I take issue with Archbishop Iakovos' article *Protestantism: Cooperation or Union* [page 69] in which he states that Congregational-Christian churches have merged with Evangelical and Reformed denominations into the United Church of Christ. This is untrue because no Congregational-Christian church can be a part of the United Church of Christ until the new constitution has been submitted and voted upon by the church itself in final form. This will take some time.

Denominationalism Not Christian

MRS. HOMER H. GRIFFIN
Parkersburg, W. Va.

I think you have a beautiful, informative magazine. But it seems to me Methodism is being promoted more than Christianity, which should be foremost in all our teachings.

As I see it, denominationalism is a stumbling block to the unbeliever, for to him it represents a religion which, of course, we who understand know is not true.

Mrs. Griffin raises the question which was discussed pro and con in the November Powwow, Protestantism: Co-operation or Union?—EDS.

Censor Lucifer Story?

ROSCOE R. HOLLIS
Crossville, Ill.

In *Methodist Chuckles* [November, 1959, page 52] there is a story concerning St. Peter and Lucifer.

Anything of this kind should not be printed even in a secular paper (not to speak of a church paper). It is sacrilegious and perhaps even blasphemous to deal so frivolously with such matters. It tends to undercut many of our ministers' messages.

How to Avoid Heartbreak

MRS. D. PEARSON
Milaca, Minn.

I just finished reading *My Daughter Takes the Veil* [October, 1959, page 29]; my heart goes out to this woman who lost her daughter to Catholicism. I can not help but feel the church is at fau too.

Methodists believe in regeneratio Then why is it not preached from t pulpit? If this were the core of o preaching, our young folk would reali the depth and meaning of salvation a mothers would be spared this hear break.

More Training, No Veil

MRS. THOMAS B. F. SPANGLE
Cheltenham, Pa.

My heart aches for the mother *My Daughter Takes the Veil.* I noti she wondered if she should have giv her daughter more love, more demo stration of her love, more flatteri clothes and hairdos.

I'd like to suggest that these are n the means of giving a child firm r ligious convictions. It would no dou have saved a lot of heartache if t mother had taken the time and t trouble to give her daughter ha as much training in Christianity ar Protestantism as the Catholics give the children in their faith.

Roy L. Smith . . . Refreshing

DAVID R. LEWTAS
Puyallup, Wash.

What Is a Blessing? [November, 195 page 24] by Roy L. Smith has given m and probably thousands of others, new and refreshing view on where ou numerous blessings actually originat So often we do not realize that man of our blessings must be earned, in stead of sitting back and merely wait ing for God to "shower us with bless ings."

I have clipped the article and inten to keep it within easy vision for th remainder of my life.

Nationalism: Not a Luxury

LT. R. B. DAIL
Ft. Bliss, Tex.

I wish to take strong exception to statement in *Days of Decision at Den ver,* by Roy L. Smith [November, 195 page 73]. It reads, "Nationalism is luxury we can no longer afford t indulge in."

There are many men who have died and many more who are willing to die for this "luxury we can no longer af ford." I would prefer to see it read "Nationalism is a basic necessity which has been too long ignored or disregarded."

AA: Barn-Door Logic

MRS. JACK E. OWENS
Arlington, Tex.

I am writing about the reference to alcoholism in *Days of Decision at Den ver.* No doubt, Alcoholics Anonymous is a worthy organization, but it is like

sing the barn door after the horse s run away.

t is practically impossible to attend large social function outside the urch without being offered a drink. e thing that most social drinkers to recognize is that no one de- erately sets out to become an alco- ic. Many alcoholics are recruited m the ranks of social drinkers.

ot All 'Skidders' Are Alcoholics

OSEPH L. KELLERMANN, *Pastor Charlotte Council on Alcoholism Charlotte, N.C.*

MYFers See Skid Row [July, 1959, ge 61] is good, but it fails in one ect. The majority thinks the al- holic is a person who gets to skid v by the time he is an alcoholic. cent releases by the National Coun- on Alcoholism indicate that only er cent of the alcoholics in America on skid row. In presenting the skid- v character as the alcoholic, we nfuse the mind of children (and ults).

Most persons are on skid row be- use they are incapable of dealing th life's problems, but most of these rsons are not alcoholics.

tholic Baptism Valid?

CHARLES A. LONG, *Pastor Ardmore, Okla.*

n *What Do Methodists Believe?* ovember, 1959, page 58] Dr. Sock- n asks, "Do Methodists accept Roman tholic Baptism as valid?" and an- ers: "Yes." May I add: not all Meth- ists do.

recall from my ministry of over years in Brazil that it is the custom of e Methodist Church there to baptize candidates from the Roman Catholic urch. Rarely does one of those candi- tes ask for recognition of his Catholic ptism.

an Church & Pool Mix?

MRS. RAYMOND D. FAST *Lancaster, Ohio*

It was with disgust that I read about e *New Look in Churches* [October, 59, page 70]. If we have to have a imming pool, snack bar, and tennis urt to boost church membership as ey are doing in Louisville, Ky., we e surely serving man and not God.

rayer Groups Are 'Power House'

ROSA D. DANZ *Chapman, Kans.*

I was glad to read Mrs. K. S. Cassell's tter [November, page 11]. She said ie was greatly concerned about the ower house" of our church.

I will say there are prayer groups eing formed in some of our churches s well as prayer vigils which are help- il. Nevertheless, what a wonderful

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thing it would be if we would rededicate ourselves to a greater prayer life in this Methodist anniversary year.

'Part of Glorious Wonder'

JOHN W. LUNDHOLM
Lacon, Ill.

I read with deep interest *What Do Methodists Believe?* [November, 1959, page 58], especially the section, "How do Methodists regard the virgin birth?" The article says the majority of Methodists still believe in the virgin birth. To me it is part of the glorious wonder ordained by God and portrayed so beautifully by Luke in the Christmas story. Only as we believe in the completeness of the great wonders of God, and in the miracle at Bethlehem, can we without reservation accept the deity of Christ.

Little Jugs, Little Ears

MRS. MARGARET E. RADLEY
Waupaca, Wis.

I would like to compliment you on *Explaining Death to Children* [October, 1959, page 23]. I was a widow twice before I was 40 and each occasion presented untold grief, loneliness, and explanations to sons of less than five.

In both situations I learned that one tells a child only what he can comprehend. Even though their questions concerning the absence of their father were numerous and varied, I found that a simple explanation was sufficient. So often details tend to complicate their ideas and are not what they want to hear.

Mistake in Space!

E. J. ASTHALTER
Muscatine, Iowa

In *Star Gazing* by Howard J. Clinebell, Jr. [October, 1959, page 65] he says only two planets, Mars and Venus, are nearer the sun than earth. Mars is 141 million miles from the sun! The author meant Mercury and Venus.

Will you kindly tell us how many people found the slip and wrote regarding it?

Three—of whom you were first.—EDS.

Even Dumb Can Be Good

JOHN B. CROUCH
Charleston, S.C.

In Readerviews on *Are We Too Soft With Delinquents?* [October, 1959, page 32], J. P. Stafford states, "Mr. Sokolsky seems to expect the individual parent or teacher to buck the conditions imposed by the community and society in general. But this is quite an assignment for the average and below-average parent."

Apparently Mr. Stafford never heard of Christianity. Christ was crucified, Stephen was stoned, and countless Christians were slaughtered all because they bucked "the conditions imposed by the community and society in general." And the dumbest person (as far as intellectual knowledge is concerned) can be moral and good. It requires no expenditure of government money, either.

'Adult Crimes'—Punishment!

BARBARA CHANEY
Dayton, Ohio

May I express my thanks for George E. Sokolsky's *Are We Too Soft With Delinquents?* I am a teen-ager and realize the growing need for stiffer penalties for these "children" who commit adult crimes.

When I first noticed the rising growth of delinquency, I argued that the teenagers generations ago had difficulties also. Why, my own father used to sneak into the farmer's watermelon patch and pick out a large, juicy one to "borrow." But such crimes cannot compare with thrill killings and assaults. These are adult crimes and should be dealt with as such.

Rod Spoils Dog or Child

MRS. GEORGIA H. MIXSON
Williston, Fla.

Regarding *Are We Too Soft With Delinquents?:*

I certainly do not think we have been too soft with delinquent children in the past.

I have always heard that if you want a mean, vicious dog, treat him cruelly. That, I can assure you, is equally true of children, too.

I've observed that the meanest people are those who were whipped about every little misdemeanor and had been raised by harsh parents. They do not make good citizens, or good parents, or even good people.

I think the ones we should get rough with are the parents of these delinquents. They are the ones who have sinned.

What Delinquent Needs

TSUGUO IKEDA
Seattle, Wash.

I would agree with Mr. Sokolsky in *Are We Too Soft With Delinquents?* We need to define our terms regarding delinquency. However, I do not feel we should consider the youth who falls short of the norm as a nuisance.

Such an individual needs more understanding and less condemning. A diagnosis of the problem is necessary rather than just strict punishment for all concerned.

Unless we treat the causes of this social illness, which are unique with each individual, we will not succeed in changing the behavior, the attitudes, or the relationships of the delinquent.

Together / NEWSLETTER

MPHASIZE RESPONSIBILITY FOR FREEDOM. Protestant and Eastern Orthodox churches in the U.S. will begin a year-long emphasis July 4 on Christian Responsibility for Freedom. The program will stress the obligation and right of Christians and churches to speak and act on public issues and Church-State relations in areas that affect the freedom of churches and religious and civil liberties of persons.

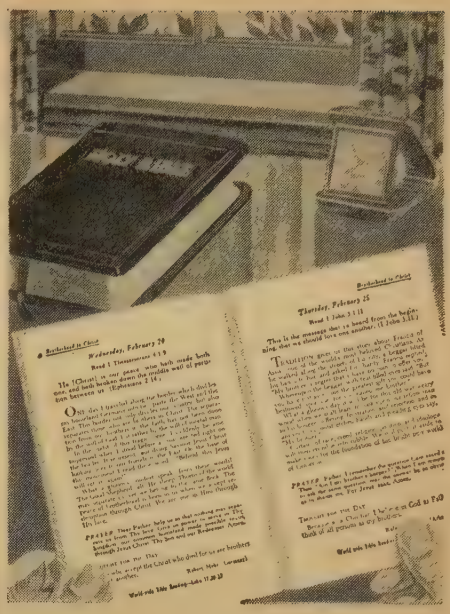
EFENDS BIBLE READING IN SCHOOLS. Commenting on a federal-court decision declaring Bible reading in Pennsylvania schools unconstitutional, Bishop Fred P. Corson said in Philadelphia that the writers of the Constitution did not believe such reading was unconstitutional. He explained: "They took the recognition of nonsectarian religion in public education for granted."

18-MILLION FIRE LOSS. In the last year, 4,200 church fires destroyed property valued at $18.1 million, reports the National Fire Protection Association. The number of fires was up 1,100, but total losses were down about $2.5 million due to a drop in "large loss" fires. [See Nine Churches Burned Today, December, 1959, page 16.]

ARRIAGE-DIVORCE LAWS REVAMPED. Wisconsin has a new law which revises its marriage and divorce statutes. Known as the "Family Code," the law sets the minimum age at which girls may marry with parental consent at 16, eliminates quickie marriages, and establishes a 60-day cooling off period in divorce cases.

HURCH AS COMMON BOND. Using a church campground as a weekend conference site, near Clinton, Michigan, the Detroit Annual Conference Board of Social and Economic Relations has brought a score of Methodist labor leaders and business executives together for a discussion of common problems. The purpose: to find a way of reconciling the two forces without the pressure of a strike situation.

(*More church news page 68*)



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"Because I was nervous and irritable, my doctor started me on Postum!"

"You know how it is when you're nervous—the slightest thing makes you drop whatever you're holding. Well, *that* made me even more nervous and irritable than I was.

"The family finally got me to the doctor. He said maybe I'd been drinking too much coffee. Apparently, the caffein in coffee upsets some people sometimes. He suggested I try drinking Postum because it's 100% caffein-free, can't make you nervous—or keep you awake at night.

"I followed his advice and, you know, the doctor was right. But one thing he forgot to tell me: just how good Postum is! Why don't you try Postum—you'll be steady enough to thread a needle, too!"

Postum is 100% coffee-free

A product of General Foods

Why did he live when 20 died?
How could he turn defeat into victory?
His prayers brought him proof that . . .

God Does Answer

By LOREN H. SHORTRIDGE
City clerk-treasurer, Orleans, Ind.

I USED TO ASK GOD for things I could not have. As a child, I prayed for a strong, active body so I could play like other boys. As I grew older, I asked for strength to stand up and fight the way I thought men should. Later, I prayed for wealth to buy the things others enjoyed.

God denied me every one of these requests. Instead, he gave me life, the ability to earn a living, and senses to enjoy the blessings that are free. I have much for which to thank God. I have lived far beyond my life's expectancy; I no longer suffer as I once did. Best of all, I have learned to rely on a judgment far superior to my own.

Twenty-one children were stricken with spinal meningitis in our community that spring of 1901. I alone survived. By the time I was eight, my body had become badly distorted. The doctors told my parents, "It's only a matter of time."

Stubbornly, I spurned a wheel chair and demanded crutches. "He'll fall and break his back," the doctors warned. And I did fall, many times. But I taught myself to get around, dragging my useless legs—no longer crawling.

School to me meant unending struggles with long flights of stairs and slippery floors. I was always left behind the others and often arrived in class with soiled and bleeding hands. Nervous strain added to my difficulties by causing a speech defect. At times I stammered so badly I could scarcely speak and I found it easier to tell my teachers, "I don't know," than to recite answers I knew to be correct. Despite several failures, I had completed my junior year of high school when influenza put me in bed. By the time I had recovered, I had to learn to walk all over again. The result was that I never went back to school.

By correspondence, I earned a business-course diploma. But I found it meant little when I stumbled into offices which had advertised for help. In desperation, I took jobs grading apples, picking chickens, cutting tomatoes in a cannery, even chopping wood. My earnings were small, but there was satisfaction in knowing I was not helpless. And although my prayers then seemed unanswered, I never lost faith. There had to be a reason why I had lived when 20 died.

Eventually I was able to open a little watch-repair shop. In addition, during the Depression, I bought a used car, equipped it with hand controls, and operated a taxi service. I taught myself to play the violin and guitar, and organized an orchestra. Our Gospel-music broadcasts led to personal appearances at church events—but then the orchestra broke up. So I borrowed $300 and opened a gift shop in connection with my watch-repairing trade. Election to the part-time job of town clerk and treasurer bolstered my income and my confidence, and later this job became a full-time one.

Now, reasonably secure for the first time in almost 60 years, I still dream for the future. I have learned a hard—and most valuable—lesson: God answers prayer. Not, perhaps, in the way we recognize. But he answers. And it helps when you learn to add:

"Not my will, but thine, be done."

HENRY J. KAISER:

It's Personal Inventory Time

READER'S CHOICE

This uplifting article originated as a Laymen's Sunday sermon by Mr. Kaiser, U.S. industrialist, at the Marble Collegiate Church in New York City. To meet requests, it was later published in booklet form. Why don't you share your favorite story or article? But remember: the material should be at least five years old. And please, only one nomination at a time. If we use your choice, and you are first to nominate it, we'll send you $25.

WHEN I WAS 16, I was deeply impressed by a sermon I heard in a church in Rochester, N.Y. The sermon was entitled *The Beauty of Old Age*. The lesson was that when you come to the twilight of life, you can add up all the smiles and beautiful things of your whole lifetime and cherish them.

It seemed vital to me to start early in life accumulating smiles and meeting the world with a smile. So at 19, when I became an independent businessman, over my store was a sign the size of a billboard, saying, "Meet the Man With a Smile."

When there's a smile on your face and real happiness deep within yourself, the likelihood is that you have built your life upon a sound personal philosophy and the truest of human values.

There are those who never grow old in mind and spirit and interests. And then there are those who are old at 41—old in outlook, aging in inner drives, actually starting to die off long before their time.

But, on the other hand, there are more and more persons finding that life can begin at 40, or at 50, 60, or 70. They find that every day can bring a fresh beginning as long as they keep the zest for new discoveries, new ideas, new work, and renewed quests for achievement and happiness.

How can each of us attain youthfulness in our latter years? How is it possible never to grow really old? By keeping young in our thinking, young in imagination, fresh in spirit, heart, and soul.

It was my mother who first taught me some of the greatest values in life. The finest things she tried to impart were these:

Love of people. . . The importance of serving others. The joy of work. . . An intense devotion to this country. . . The truths of Christ's teachings.

It seems to me that these form the basis for some simple, down-to-earth, provable, and practical secrets of capturing the greatest values out of life. These are ways of making a greater success in your career and, at the same time, of achieving real happiness.

There are four simple guides I would suggest:

1. *Decide what you want most of all out of life; then write down your goals and a plan to reach them.*

Most people go through their years with vague notions of their ultimate aims. One survey showed 9 out of 10 persons have no definite plan in life. In their careers they leave too much to the happenstances of the jobs they are offered and to the willy-nilly turn of events. They lack a sense of direction.

From personal experience, I know how hard it often is for people to select the right careers for themselves. As a boy, I plunged headlong into jobs and businesses as they became available. I was continuously asking my wife's advice on what I should do. It was several years before I found myself in building. You can avoid hazards of making blind choices by mapping out right now, whatever your time of life, your future goals.

A Greek philosopher counseled, "Know thyself!" So appraise your talents, your personality, your inner drives, the things you can do and like to do best. Size up the weaknesses you have to overcome.

Your plan for work and happiness should be big, imaginative, and daring. Strike out boldly for the things you honestly want more than anything else in the world. The mistake is to put your sights too low, not to raise them too high. The definite, faraway goal will supercharge your whole body and spirit; it will awaken your mind and creative imagination, and put meaning into otherwise lowly, step-by-step tasks.

The psychologist William James said, "Men habitually use only a small part of the powers which they possess and which they might use under appropriate circumstances." You can release powers of human energy and spirit as wondrous as the scientist freeing atomic energy.

2. *Use the great powers that you can tap through faith in God and the hidden energies of your soul.*

Over and over, in an infinite number and variety of proofs in the lives of folks, I have seen how man can draw upon the Higher Power and the soul within him. Call it the subconscious mind or the soul, there is in

very human being a reservoir of inspiration and intuitions—the source from which spring the emotions and e driving force for good. From this storehouse you n draw the faith to carry you on.

The subconscious mind can be filled with fears, hates, hibitions, sense of guilt, anxiety, failure, inferiority, ssimism—all the destructive forces that lurk in the rk, mysterious closets of the mind. You can let these emies of the spirit dominate and destroy you.

But, on the other hand, you can direct both your nscious and subconscious thinking to make the most the positive, beneficial driving powers, rather than e negative, destroying forces of evil and of defeat.

Faith, it is my conviction, is the key to unlocking mitless powers of the mind, the heart, the soul—faith God, faith that right triumphs over wrong, faith that u can win out over disasters and setbacks, faith that nashes fear, faith in the ultimate realization of your pes.

Again and again I have seen the tremendous power of ith. Only a faith that it could be done led to the nstruction of Bonneville Dam in the lower Columbia iver in Oregon. We were warned that the raging aters of the Columbia would rise 20 to 30 feet within day or two, ripping to shreds any puny works of man dam it. The native Indians had a legend that no man ould ever walk across the Columbia. Government ngineers were doubtful that it could be done. The nding companies refused to take the risk of the azardous project. But undaunted faith answered the eptics and proved that what men can dare and imagine, ey can find the ways to accomplish.

It is the tragedy of this age that whole races of man em to have sunk into a faithless surrender to a confused espair. They feel that they have lost control over their vn destiny—that war, tyranny, and personal bewilderent have swallowed them up and tossed them about ke hopeless robots. They follow false prophets of odlessness and materialism.

You may have to search hard, in this disbelieving time, o discover a religious belief that can sustain you throughut life. You may find it in prayer and in silent meditaon; you may find it in the quiet of a church and the nderstanding of a minister; you may find it in the achings of the Bible and the philosophers whose crets of the good life stand the test of today's problems. Only you can work out a code to live by and a faith hat means you need never be defeated. See if you cannot nd for yourself the faith that says as does Philippians :13, "I can do all things in him who strengthens me."

I have seen demonstrated, beyond possibility of doubt, he words written in Mark 9:23, "All things are possible o him who believes." What a man can imagine, he can ccomplish.

3. *Love people and serve them.*

This is practical. I can think of hundreds of successful ersons whose careers prove it. A fundamental love of eople—all people—is an unfailing mark of the finest haracters; whereas an ingrained attitude of "What will get out of it?" leads up a blind alley to failure.

In a job, you simply are filling human wants. You et ahead in direct relation to how well you offer services thers need. If your aim is bold and high, you may search for new services that will fill the needs of others.

I confess that whenever I see an unfilled human need I have an irresistible urge to do something about filling it. The opportunities to develop new products and services are as boundless as the ideas and desires of mankind.

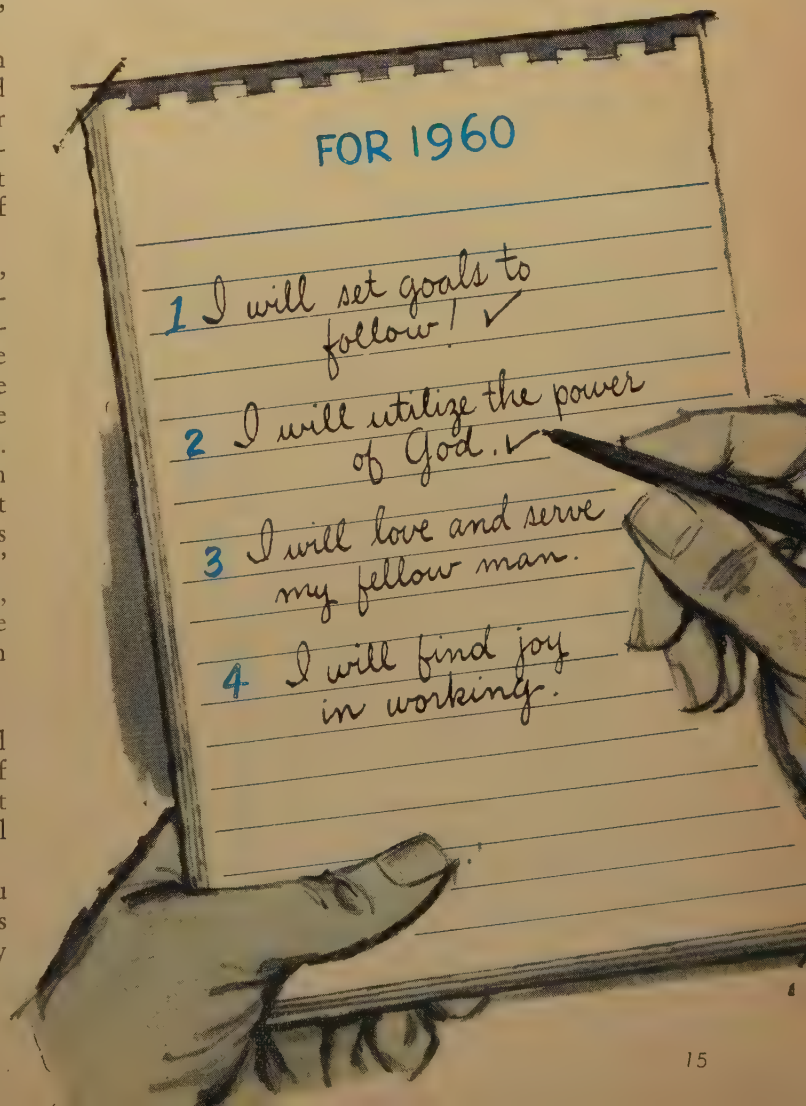
Your achievements may be directly limited or expanded by how well you get along with others. Alone, you are only one individual with your own set of capacities. But associate yourself with others and you can have the power of teamwork to do much greater things.

Learn to work well with others and you will thereby achieve much more than by yourself.

Many things we dislike in others may be only skin deep, just the surface annoyances of personalities. There are the good, the true, the right—the same hidden, yet basic, emotions and urges in most folks.

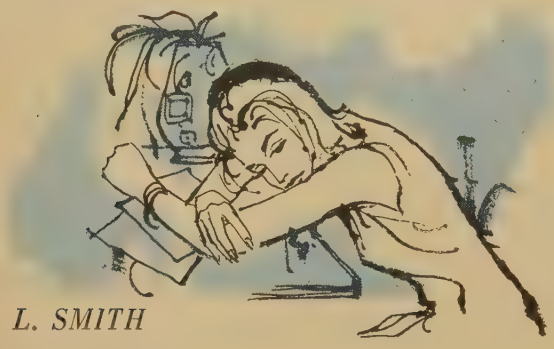
You can put teamwork not only in your own career but into your personal contribution to democracy—democracy both of government and industrial relations—and into the part you play in world affairs. The same spirit that can make greatness in a person can forge new greatness for a people and a nation.

A couple of years ago the *Friendship Train* rolled across the continent, picking up carloads of food and other gifts from the people of America to the suffering humanity of Europe. It gave me joy to accompany that



Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

Don't Destroy YOURSELF!



By
ROY L. SMITH

"AS SOON as it happened, I realized I must not allow it to destroy me," the young woman said. "As I thought it over, I could see that the only real damage it could do me would be that which I permitted it to do. I determined I would not destroy myself."

This woman had enjoyed an excellent religious training. Among her friends, she was known, too, as a person with a lot of good sense.

Suddenly, however, she had found herself confronted by a tragedy for which she was in no way responsible. Even more terrible was the fact that her disaster was the result of a betrayal at the hands of one whom she had every right to trust.

"As soon as the first full terror of the blow dawned upon me," she told a friend, "I realized that I must not surrender myself to hatred. No matter how badly I might have been hurt, to have hated would have made it worse. The betrayal could not destroy me; hatred could. I determined I would not hate."

In a few days she had a chance to be generous, and she was. Soon thereafter she had a chance to bestow a small favor, and she did it. She refused to indulge in bitter speech; her friends heard her side of the story only when they probed, and then it was told without rancor.

In an amazingly short space of time she was her radiant self again. Instead of surrendering to self-pity or cynicism, she had risen with dignity and confidence.

As part of her self-administered salvation she went out of her way to render good for evil. Once she discovered a way she could make the way of the transgressor a little easier, and, with a prayer in her heart, she did it. Day by day she asked for guidance, and when the opportunities to do good instead of evil presented themselves, she accepted them as answers.

Perhaps she does not trust her betrayers as she once did, and perhaps she would not commit her personal fortunes into their care. But she allows herself no spirit of hatred or revenge.

And her determination not to destroy herself has paid off in rich dividends; in all her life she has never been a finer person.

train from Chicago to New York. In four days of meeting and seeing people, I was especially impressed with one particular gift. One farmer volunteered to give his entire year's crop. When asked why, he said, "Oh, it just makes me feel good to give!"

On that journey the mayor of Grand Rapids, Mich. gave me a four-line verse. It had been penned in his diary by a humble blacksmith of England.

"What! Giving again?" I ask in dismay,
"And must I keep giving and giving away?"
"Oh, no," said the angel, looking me through,
"Just keep giving till the Master stops giving to you."

4. *Work!*

You can find life so packed with the joy and adventure of discovery that you will throw all you have into your work. The secret of work is a fourth and all essential ingredient of the happy life of achievement.

My mother used to say to me from the days of my earliest memories, "Henry, nothing ever is accomplished without work. If I left you nothing else but a will to work, I would leave you the most priceless gift."

She always seemed to put hard work for others into her every waking minute. She rejoiced in the work of serving her family's needs. Even if it was 2 a.m. when I came home from working, my mother would be sitting by the stove, waiting up to hear me tell each experience of the day, waiting to put courage into my heart.

We can each of us find joy and high adventure in work. When I think of the countless opportunities there are for association with worth-while undertakings, I am overcome with the magnitude of the challenges to every one of us to lead useful lives.

We need a lifework that forever keeps us growing. No wonder some people find only drudgery in their jobs, when they are not fired by the vision that today's work can be a steppingstone to greater work. It always has been one of my ambitions to "build a business that knows no completion." In working and growing we can find ways of always keeping young, forever learning, always accepting new challenges and opportunities.

Live daringly, boldly, fearlessly. Taste the relish to be found in competition—in having to put forth the best within you to match the deeds of risk-taking, hard-working competitors. Take the well-considered risk instead of the sure thing.

Each one of us should form in his own mind a daily prayer to God that we learn to give free rein to our own tremendous powers of believing, serving, and working. Such a prayer might form itself into words like these:

O God, keep me on the path of achieving happiness and success that are real.

Keep my vision always clear to see the goals.

Help me to practice faith—faith in God, faith in my fellow men, and faith in my own best self.

Help me to tap the hidden powers within and above me.

Give me strength to work with all the energies of mind and body.

Help me to practice the love of people and service to others.

Keep me forever with a smile on my face for the whole human race.

From her silent world, a gifted Tennessean views life with warmth, understanding, and love.

Jane Merchant: Poetess of Faith

By BEATRICE PLUMB

UNCLE SAM first introduced me to Jane Merchant. For years, her poems came singing or sighing their way to me, clipped from a magazine and enclosed in a friend's letter with some such admiring comment as, "She could have written this one just for me."

How I envied her! Here I was, tied to a desk while Jane—as her poems, I felt, clearly showed—was footloose to climb the highest mountain, stroll in her father's fields, bam in beauty—unshackled and free as a bird.

Then came that memorable day when I learned otherwise about this talented young poetess, whose radiant faith has enriched the lives of countless readers of TOGETHER and other leading magazines. It was a stunning discovery: Jane is a semi-invalid who has never walked a step!

Confined to a wheel chair when she was two, she has been bedfast since she was 12. Moreover, she has been deaf since she was 23 and also suffers now from a chronic eye disorder, which must be treated three times a day. And surprisingly, for her poems bespeak a deep culture, Jane has never been able to attend any school, except as a tiny girl when she was carried in her father's arms to the Sunday school of Inskip Methodist Church in Inskip, Tenn.

Yet this remarkably gifted girl, still in her 30s, is the author of over 1,000 published poems, the winner of the 1953-1955 poetry prize of the League of American Pen Women, and author of four Abingdon books. For this dedicated Methodist writer, life has been truly a triumph of the spirit.

As a young child, she was "the odd one" in that happy, busy family, making a lean living on a rocky farm in East Tennessee. The little girl "hiding behind a book" had suffered since birth from a baffling bone disease. Her brittle bones snapped for the least cause and refused to knit; once, merely by leaning her weight on her elbow in bed, she broke her shoulder bone. At 12, while she was being moved from her wheel chair, she suffered such serious injuries that she has never again been able to sit up.

For years after that she had to lie flat on her back. But now she works while reclining in bed with her typewriter across her on a little bed table and converses with visitors on "magic slates," a stack of which she keeps by her bedside.

From the start, her education was a family affair. Her brother and sisters used to come home from their studies and play school with their little sister, passing on some of their learning. Jane's mother, Mrs. C. L. Merchant, also taught her handicapped daughter—but mostly the poet-to-be taught herself through reading. She learned to read when she was five; nursery rhymes fascinated her. In a short while she was reading everything she could find. Anything to exercise her mind, to help herself to an education. Today, a librarian friend describes her as "the best-educated person I ever met."

As a girl, Jane drank in the beauty of nature as her father drove her in his dairy truck along "the green and tremulous mystery" of the Willow Road and through the beautiful Tennessee countryside. In later years, these early impressions were to find voice in many of her exquisite nature poems.

Miss Merchant sees God everywhere—in a maple leaf, a spider's web, a cloud, in "pine needles that embroider space." Who could read her poem, *Psalter,* without lifting earth-bound eyes from the grind to look for a moment at the sky?

I have learned well, in tempests and in calms,
The holy beauty of the Shepherd's psalms;
And I have often watched with prayerful eyes
While God writes psalms, with clouds, in evening skies.

By the time she was 17, Jane had been pronounced incurable. Before her stretched a life of invalidism. Her chief concern was to earn money so she could contribute her share to the family expenses. This was one of the darkest times in her life. As her hearing faded, she could no longer even enjoy the radio which once had been her listening post to "the outside." But while she was fighting to adjust herself to a soundless world, a new star began to twinkle in her clouded sky.

It was an announcement of a poetry contest in *The Progressive Farmer* magazine. Jane, who even as a child had loved to write verse, decided to enter. She wrote about the farm she knew so well, her love of the land:

. . . I am not alone,
In any field where the furrows run,
Ordered and eager to seek the sun
And carry the blessings of earth and air
To the need of the nations. My place is there.

Her poem received an honorable mention—and a cash award. That was all Jane needed to rekindle the fire of her ambition to write. She began revising poems she had set aside during her "dark time," when she felt her lack of formal education, of access to libraries, and of contact with other people must prevent her from writing professionally. And her poems sold to *Good Housekeeping, Saturday Evening Post,* and other top magazines, including, after its launching in 1956, TOGETHER.

Jane's eyes shone. Now she could contribute her share to the home finances. But she was just beginning. Soon her poems, by the hundreds, began to appear in magazines and newspapers. Editors knew nothing of her handicaps. They recognized only one fact: she had talent. Increasingly, they accepted her poems, some full of understanding, some twinkling with humor.

When the facts about Jane's physical limitations became known, dozens of readers asked how she did it. Had God granted her some unique immunity to sorrow? Jane's attitude was stated best in her poem, *Answer,* familiar to TOGETHER readers [September, 1959, page 5]:

Full half a hundred times I've sobbed,
"I can't go on, I can't go on."
And yet full half a hundred times
I've hushed my sobs, and gone.

My answer, if you ask me how,
May seem persumptuously odd,
But I think that what kept keeping on
When I could not, was God.

Through her poems, Jane introduces her family to her readers. One was her hard-working father, who "plowed to the day he died"—"The silent strength of the hills was his . . . and the enduring certitudes of the earth." Another is her mother, with her "green knowledge"—who, when things go amiss, wanders off to where little green things grow, that she may receive "the helpfulness of leaves, and solacings of grass." And her remembered sayings, "There's nothing more respectable than patches." † We see the power of her motherly love in two gentle lines of gratitude:

And when my world collapsed about my head,
She built it back. "We love you, dear," she said.

Through other poems, we meet Jane Merchant's sister, Elizabeth, who today is a registered nurse:

New Poems by JANE MERCHANT

CUP INTO CROSS

When dogwood blooms are still
Small untouched cups
They are all bruise-brown
Not white.

But the bruises grow into crosses
Wholly white, save at the very edge,
And all the lowly trees gleam in white glory
Of wounds outgrown.

FOR THE SEEKING

"Oh, Master, send these crowds away.
They hunger now, at end of day."

"They need not go away," He said.
"You give them meat. You give them bread."

"We give? To this great crowd you see?
This scanty fare?" "Bring it to me."

They brought. He blessed, and said, "Now give,
That all the seeking ones may live."

With the little that they could provide
The multitude was satisfied.

"Send them away," I sometimes plead
When people crowd me with their need.

"They hunger, Lord—and so do I.
How can I help, or even try?"

"Bring me the little you possess
And give the needy what I bless,"

He says, as he will always say,
"They need not go away."

FOR A BRIDE AND GROOM

I wish you many days of gentle weather
With sun to spare.
I wish you violent storms to face together,
Conquests to share.

As much as quiet days, as much as all
Remembered sun,
Marriage needs struggles that two hearts recall
That two have won.

I knew I would be well—it's hard to say—
If I could live until you came, each day.

Young and old, the reader meets all her family—the ces, the nephews, the one with the "morning glory" s; the enraptured toddler, "discovering mud"; the all nephew whose consuming interest—if not his ther's!—is in things that creep and crawl.
Some of her tenderest poems are about the beloved sters, as in *Grandmother's Message*:

"Give my love to Laura,
Give my love to Jim."
Wherever Gramp was going,
Gran sent her love by him.

"Give my love to Susan,
Give my love to Todd."
Last night she whispered, gently,
"Give my love to God."

t was a terrible blow to Jane when, after her father's ith, the family had to sell the farm and move to the y. For 30 years, Jane had lived "halfway up the sky" farms that had forever spoiled her for a smaller view. was a heartbreaking uprooting. Yet the valiant poet g on—this time about the birdbath in her mother's new garden, her window box, and even a stray cow.

Once the little girl Jane lay on a hill, watching the endless acres of stars above and longing to put off the moment when she must come in at last and shrink herself "to fit a room." ‡ Physically, in later years, she may have been forced to do just that—to fit a room—to lie, hour after hour, day in, day out, in her narrow bed, gazing out through her picture window at a city street. But spiritually, the sweep of the distant mountains is still hers.

Three of her books are devotions in poetry and prayer. Part of one of her prayers in her latest book, *In Green Pastures,* reads: "We who must spend our usual days in constricted places thank thee for every liberating glimpse of large vistas and uncluttered space. Grant, Lord, that in whatever cramped routines our customary days are spent, our minds may keep wide horizons and our hearts broad sympathies."

Yes, in soul-stirring prayers and meditations, in poems as pure as psalms, Jane Merchant sings the praises of the living God. These are her sermons, her benedictions, her life. She is, in truth, the poetess of faith.

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GIFT OF REST

reen rest is mine tonight,
r on a far pine hill
ıe, loving, gathered fragrance
skyward trees to fill
pillow for my soothing
ıd sewed, with faithful care,
blessing in each stitch; I have
reen rest of pine, and prayer.

IF WE ASK

ord, if we ask for courage
t us always be
eady to accept
ıch adversity
nd peril and adventure
ecause through these alone
an courage ever truly
e strong and fully grown.

ord, if we ask for patience
et us always take
uietly each blunder
nd every mistake
nd all the small shortcomings
Of others, and of ours,
Since from irritations
Genuine patience flowers.

Lord, if we ask for taking
Of our trials away
Teach us that such words as these
Are what we really say:
"We have no desire
For growing, after all.
Make us selfish cowards,
Lord, keep us weak and small."

FOR OTHERS' SAKE

Let me be patient, Lord, forever
In every large and little woe;
And grant me grace that I may never
Let my patience show.

SONG OF THANKS

There should be new ways of saying
"Thank you, Lord," for a wisp of moon
In a wild-rose sky at evening,
For a clover-scented noon,
For a mist of rain on roses,
For a star when night is long,
And for moonlight set to music
In a mockingbird's best song.

There are no new ways of saying
"Thank you, Lord," for loveliness,
Only the old ways of being
Kind to other hearts' distress,
The old patient ways of loving
Till a heart has been restored,
The old faithful ways of living
Day by day, our "Thank you, Lord."

STORMBOUND

We are content today
To keep the little room
And tend the singing fire
Against the outer gloom.

We cannot light the world;
We keep one small room warm
To give whoever comes
A refuge from the storm.

The Reyes Family

JUST ACROSS the Hudson River from Lower Manhattan lies the congested manufacturing hub of Jersey City, N.J., where Anastacio and Josefina Reyes have lived for 12 years. Their five-room, fifth-floor walk-up is only a few blocks from the city's busy docks. Normally the busy harbor's sounds are not even noticed by the family—but sometimes, when an outbound ship blasts its throaty farewell, they think back to the island of Puerto Rico, some 1,700 airline miles to the southeast. There both Anastacio, 47, and his wife, 33, were born and reared.

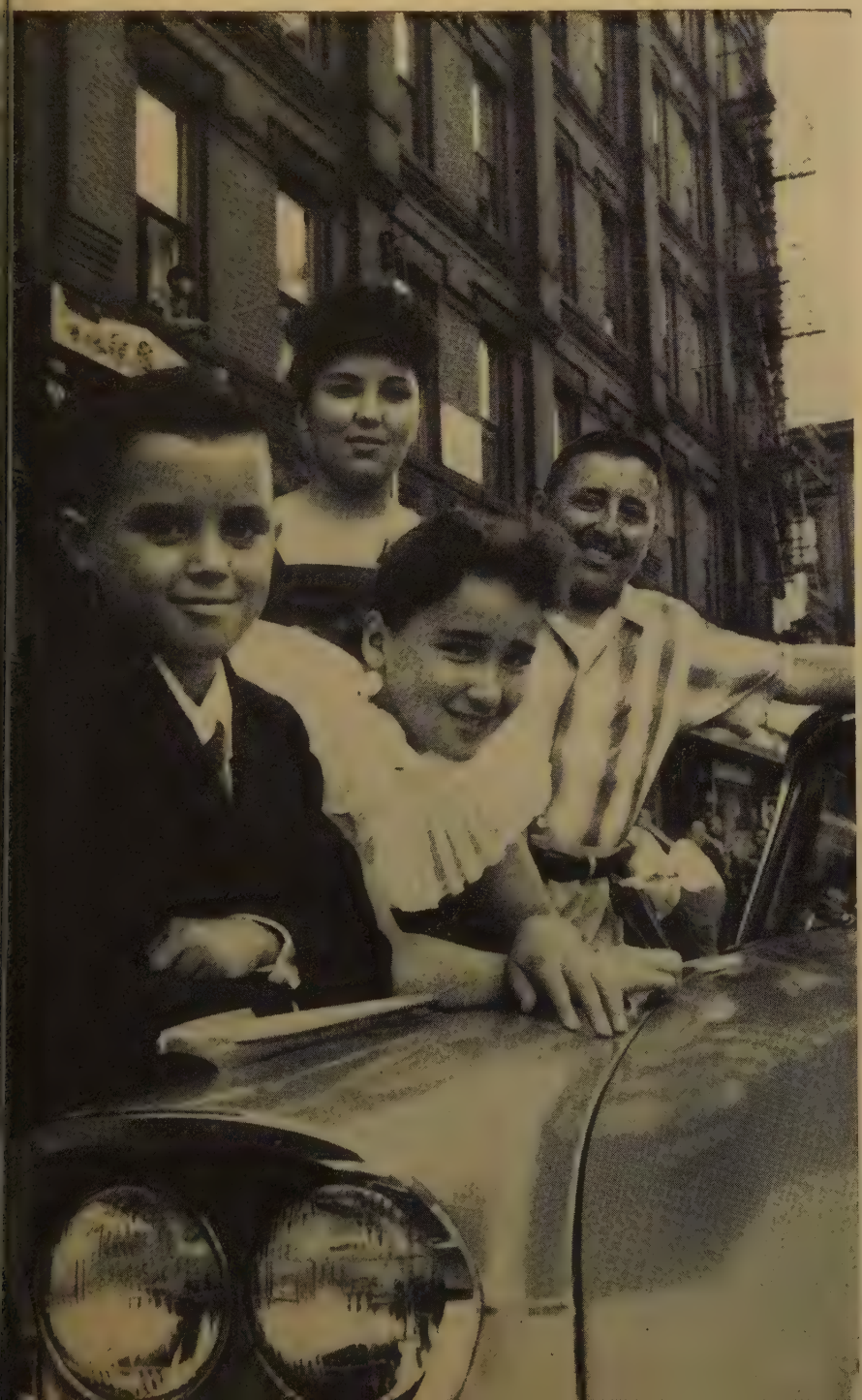
The Reyeses do not yearn for the island as do some Puerto Ricans, nearly 1 million of whom now live in the continental U.S. True, they enjoy visiting there, and hope to do so again this month for the first time in five years. But Jersey City is their real home—the only one daughter Ligia, 12, and son Angelo, 11, have known. And there, where the church has guided their adjustment to urban life, they are helping shape and strengthen Methodist programs aimed at reaching lonely millions still floundering in the big-city jungle.

Anastacio came to the mainland in 1939, several years before the post-war influx of the islanders, who are still pouring in at the rate of nearly 1,000 a week. In World War II he served as an infantry sergeant, earning the Bronze Star and the Silver

The family's high fire-escape landing makes unsnarling a fishing line very easy for Angelo—if he's careful.

–Formerly of Puerto Rico

n a strange city they found an openhearted church—
nd the opportunity to aid its vital ministry.

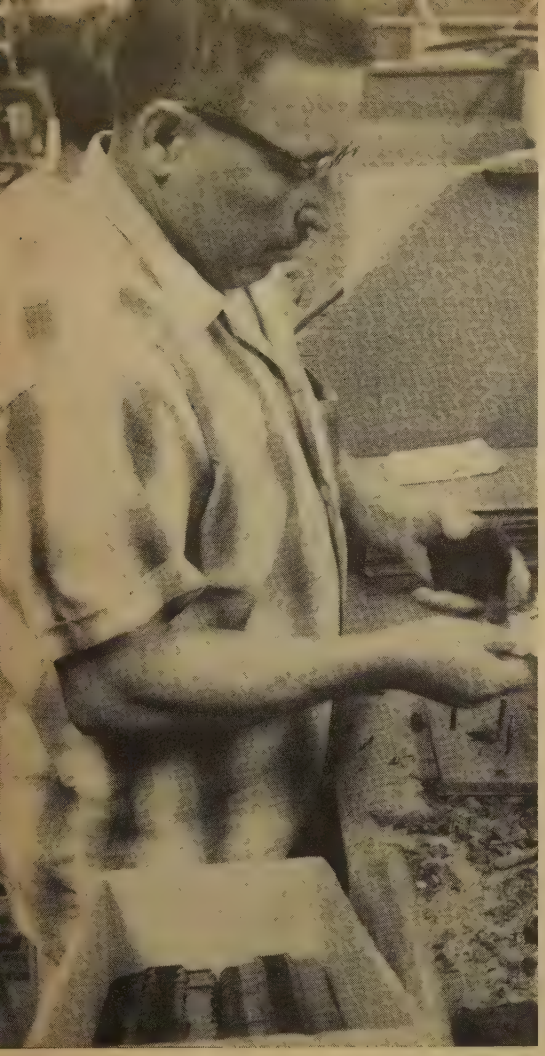


Star for combat heroism. Discharged in 1946, he returned to Puerto Rico, where he met and married Josefina and soon set himself up as a cattle farmer.

Living conditions had improved somewhat since prewar years; The Methodist Church, among other nongovernmental groups, had recognized the island's great needs. "Tacio," however, decided he could do better on the mainland; today he is in his 10th year as a packer and checker for a Newark, N.J., electrical manufacturing firm. His steady income, plus what Josefina earns as a garment-factory seamstress, permits them to enjoy luxuries they could only have dreamed about in Puerto Rico. The children attend a public school across the street, and Ligia already has set her sights on becoming a nurse.

Someday the Reyeses hope to move to the suburbs—but not because they feel lonely or isolated. Life in the heart of a city is not for them the lonely experience it sometimes is for newcomers. Jersey City's 300,000 population includes about 7,000 Puerto Ricans; in addition, the Reyeses have drawn friends liberally from their Washington Street neighbors, peoples of many backgrounds and nationalities. But, perhaps most important, Lafayette Methodist Church has seen to their needs for fellowship as well as for meaningful worship. Through a ministry tailor-made to the diverse people it serves, the church draws

Parents Josefina and Anastacio pose proudly outside their home behind Angelo, 11, and Ligia, 12.



Anastacio, who enjoys working overtime, often rises at 4 a.m. to get an early start on his job.

Josefina, who makes many of the family's clothes, fits a new dress for Ligia.

Close Ties Bind This Big-City Family

them together in a common bond of unity.

As the lay leader of his church, Tacio also has taken very special interest in Jersey City's Methodist Center, one of the inner-city projects launched in four cities by the Board of Missions' Department of City Work. This store-front church is directed by the Rev. Paul Jewett, the Lafayette pastor, and is open to all, regardless of church membership, race, or national origin. ("All we have to do to attract a crowd," says Mr. Jewett, "is unlock the front door and turn on the lights.")

Tacio, as the building was being converted from a grocery warehouse, pitched in to lay linoleum flooring and help with the carpentry. Now the whole family attends Bible-study class at the Center each Wednesday evening; on weekends the children go there for Saturday school and for

At the foot of a busy street on the Hudson, Angelo and a young friend enjoy the city boy's version of chunking pebbles in a pond.

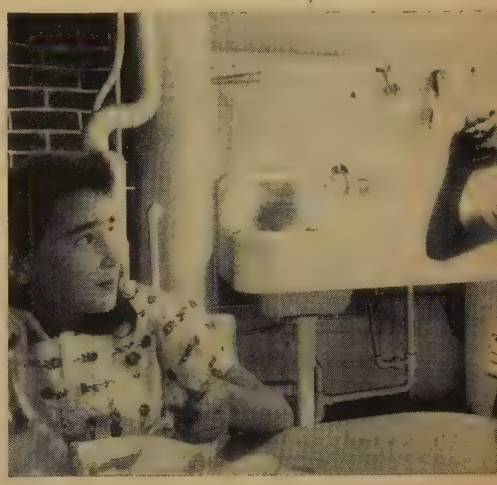
As Angelo watches, art hobbyist Ligia sketches New York's towers looming through the fog.

and lotters listen closely as Anastacio, once a professional shortstop, ives batting tips. The scene: a school playground field.

unday's church-school classes, all in nglish. Other classes and the two eekly worship services (one in panish, one in English) are held in ne main church. The Rev. Salvador élez, who led the Reyeses to Lafayette, conducts services for the Spanish-peaking people who make up nearly alf of Lafayette's 150 members.

When not busy with church activies, the Reyeses enjoy being together s a family. On summer weekends, ney often pile in their car to fish, ig clams, and sun themselves on earby Staten Island beaches. Angelo nd his dad, who played professional all in Puerto Rico, are Yankee fans nd make it a point to see several ames during the season. Tacio also anages a Class A industrial-league eam and is trying to drum up interest n a neighborhood Little League. As or Josefina, her skill as a seamstress hows in the furniture's neat slip overs and in many of the family's lothes. Ligia? Her specialties are ooking and helping with housework.

This busy, happy family of people alled Methodists has worked hard nd successfully to adjust to strange urroundings and a complex industrial society. More than most Americans, perhaps, they appreciate living n a country where poverty and want are the rare exceptions, rather than the rule. But this has been no one-way street. The church reached out to them, certainly. But in return they have given an unstinted warmth, vitality, and generosity—a spirit which is helping make Methodism a vigorous force in the teeming inner city.



Since both parents work, Ligia fixes weekday lunch for herself and Angelo. A favorite dish: French fries.

Anastacio helps thrash out future plans for the Methodist Center with the Rev. Paul Jewett and friends.

The jokes, nonsense sayings, and good-natured allusions to shared experiences that make up family fun and folklore form the strongest fibers of

Unforgettable Home Ties

By RALPH L. WOODS *A Together in the Home feature*

SIMSALABIMBAMBAZALADOOZALADIM. Mean anything to you? It doesn't to me, either, nor, as far as I know, to anybody else. Yet this tongue twister has an important place in our family. We use it to bewilder, intrigue, and challenge the vocal skill of the youngest member.

Who invented it? I haven't the least idea. As children, we heard it, learned it, and delighted in the fact that our father tried it on each of us as we reached the age when we were struggling with new words and expressions. Now that all of us are married and have children of our own, we spring it on our youngsters, and they no doubt will one day spring it on theirs. *Simsalabimbambazaladoozaladim* is part of our cherished family folklore.

I suppose some sociologists will scoff, but I believe that family folklore is a key ingredient in the cement that keeps a family together. By folklore, I mean the sayings, the allusions, jokes, and teasers that usually mean nothing to people outside the family circle, but a great deal to those within. They give a family a sort of special identity, a kind of individuality or harmless exclusiveness that encourages unity.

If anybody in the Woods family begins telling about an experience with, "It was a dark and stormy night," chuckles immediately erupt from all except whatever puzzled visitors happen to be present. Then someone will explain that when we were young and asked our father to tell a story he would tantalize us with this:

"It was a dark and stormy night, and we were seated around the campfire. The captain said, 'Antonio, tell us a story.' And Antonio arose and thus began, 'It was a dark and stormy night, and we were seated around the campfire. The captain said——' " And around and around, until we kids were ready for bed, went the same little introduction to a story that never got off the ground.

Of course, we never discovered what Antonio's story was. Perhaps psychologists will deplore this as the cause of serious frustrations in later life. All I know is, it was fun to us and has, in turn, amused our children. It, too, is part of our family folklore.

Another family custom was the chanting of, "Ralph Louis, strong and able, take your elbows off the table," whenever I breached this bit of etiquette. It worked with me—and with other small children of our family when it was directed at them. We enjoyed it, too.

"Lambs' House" was one part of our family fun that cannot be passed along to the younger generation. I remember it well because I was primarily responsible for it—and also its victim. Our father used to take me and my two older brothers for long walks in the country. A family named Lamb lived in a big white stone house on a hill. I had visited there and I must have enjoyed myself, because on our walks I was always mistakenly spotting "Lambs' House," much to my brothers' amusement. Before long, any new or unfamiliar house became known in my family as "Lambs' House." Not long ago I heard that the house was no more. But I know I'd recognize it today if it were still standing.

"Mom, what are you making?" and "Mom, what are we having for dessert?" were our familiar cries as we trooped in from school. To the first, our mother would reply, "Lie low to catch meddlers." That meant that we had better not interfere. As for dessert, it was always going to be "wind pudding with air sauce."

Our father's penchant for absurd words used to mystify us. Not infrequently he would tell us in feigned exasperation that we were "parallelepipedons," and then ask us to repeat the term. The dictionary defines parallelepipedons as six-sided prisms whose faces are parallelograms. Just the other day I discovered a unique use that had been made of the word. Voltaire, exasperated by the vituperation of a fishwife, could think of nothing stronger to say than: "Madame, you are a parallelepipedon!" It is said that this struck the woman speechless. But for years I credited my father with having invented it.

Most families, I suspect, have their family folklore and what the theatrical profession calls inside jokes. One usually has to do a good deal of probing to get people to talk about this, however. The folklore is such a customary and casual part of family life that people do not think of it as distinctive or interesting. And, of course, some family folklore is either too personal for public discussion, or its appreciation depends upon knowing the personalities and eccentricities of the people involved.

It is just this private nature that

Mom always had ready—but mystifying—answers when we trooped in and asked what was for dessert.

makes family folklore so enduring. The right word, a particular inflection or gesture, meaningless to outsiders, can conjure up a happy scene or amusing chain of events that happened years before—but only to those in the family.

If you happened to be visiting the Garesche family in St. Louis and one of the boys—all now married—were to disagree with his sister, Dorothy, she might well turn on him with: "You're out of the club!" There would be an amused smile and probably someone would say, "Still the boss, aren't you, Dot?"

This puzzling colloquy would have its origin in a club the Garesche children and their friends organized years ago. Dorothy appointed herself head and when she was crossed by one of her brothers on club—or any other—questions, she would pronounce him "out of the club." This finally became the family's cryptic way of saying one of its members was out of order.

Along similar lines, a neighbor of mine was chatting with me over the fence recently when his 10-year-old son dashed up and asked permission to do something his father considered risky. The father shook his head and said, "No." "When can I?" persisted the boy. "You know when," replied his dad. "I get it," smiled the boy knowingly. "When Sunday comes in the middle of the week."

I know, too, of a family where the children insist upon referring to two unmarried aunts as "Little Bites," because when they dine at the aunts' home they are served lavish meals but are frequently admonished to take "little bites."

Now and then one will read of charming family customs that, regrettably, are improbable, if not impossible, today. Edward Everett Hale, author of *The Man Without a Country,* recalled the Boston home of his childhood in the 1820s. It was a rule of the home that after tea each evening the family's seven children must gather at a large table and there quietly occupy themselves until bedtime. They could do whatever they desired—read, play games, draw, or study—but must not disturb the others.

For a time the older children produced competing weekly magazines at that table. And each Monday at breakfast, to the delight of the proud authors, Mr. Hale, a newspaper owner, would read the latest issues to the assembled family.

Truly, folklore is of the family, by the family, and for the family. It is only by the merest luck or happy accident that outsiders are given the key to a family's inside fun.

What's Your Lore?

What loving jokes and cushioned scoldings do you have in your family? We'd like to hear about them. And if we should decide to share them with TOGETHER's readers, we'll give someone you name a complimentary subscription.—EDS.

About Working

Teen-agers Need Her at Home

Mrs. J. G. Davis
Cincinnati, Ohio

"Mothers, go home," Mrs. Jackson warns. "And stay there through your children's teens," I would add.

When boy-girl relationships, cars, drive-in movies, liquor, and pressure to conform to the gang come into our children's lives, the youngsters have an urgent need for adults who can guide them to wise self-dependence. So I have given up the job which for a time provided cashmere sweaters and large allowances for our teen-agers. Now I'm giving them what my salary couldn't buy. I'm giving them time, and they are supplementing smaller allowances with part-time jobs.

I have time to listen when they want to talk. When they were small, they cried out their anger, disappointment, and frustration. As teen-agers they feel just as strongly, though they express themselves with more restraint.

I have time at home so they can entertain. (Our family code requires a parent to be there whenever our children have guests.) No worry then about their riding in souped-up cars. I have time to teach my daughters, by example, the loving enjoyment that turns housekeeping into homemaking. I have time to practice what I preach, too. Recently one of our youngsters became reluctant to go to church. If I had been working, I might have been staying at home doing housekeeping instead of going to Sunday school and church with my family. Then I'd not have had a leg to stand on in trying to convince our teen-ager that going to church is a must.

By being home, I can arrange my day so I am not tired when our teeners come home. I find that now I have more patience to maintain friendly discipline and reserves to accept criticism from my children.

Apart from my children's need for Mother at home, I feel that I should lose something precious by having an outside job now. Our children didn't "just happen." My husband and I planned for them and anticipated the joys of having them with us.

I cannot say that I never find the routine of homemaking dull. But surely, richly comes compensation. Just yesterday one teen-age daughter had come from school obviously unhappy. She confided her problem and we discussed it long and carefully. As I rose to leave her room, she caught my hand: "Mother, I'm so glad I could talk to you!" The dramatic actress I once hoped to be could never have been as happy with an Oscar.

Each Mother Is Unique

Mrs. Idolyn E. Crabtree
Methuen, Mass.

As the mother of three young children who feels beckoned beyond the four walls of home, I read Mrs. Jackson's article with avid interest. There were three points that disturbed me:

1. Why did it take Mrs. Jackson 20 years to discover that she was so desperately needed at home? I should think by that time the emotional damage to her husband and family would be irreparable.

2. I do not believe so much competition exists between husbands and wives. Most men I know whose wives work outside the home appreciate their efforts to help out financially. It takes a lot of cash to raise a family these days. Americans "enjoy" the highest standard of living in the world, and one thing that makes this possible is the little woman's pay check.

3. The notion that by staying home a mother can give her undivided attention to her family is pure myth. When the phone isn't ringing, the doorbell is, for everyone assumes that the stay-at-home wife has all the time in the world.

Last fall I could resist the outside world no longer. With my husband's blessing, I enrolled at Lowell State Teachers College as a freshman. It was purely an experiment at first. I was prepared to leave the campus and return to the kitchen if at any time I felt the preparations made for the care of my family were inadequate. Everything from shampoos to time for homework had to be worked out.

But there've been two concrete benefits from Mother's return to student life. My son has taken a livelier interest in his school work and my husband has decided to study for his Methodist lay preacher's license!

A happy, contented mother makes for a happy, contented family. And since each mother has a unique personality, it seems impossible to set hard and fast rules for all to use in the art of mothering. We must each constantly search for our own personal way of contributing to the growth and happiness of those we love.

Motherhood Is Full-time Job

Mrs. Robert Lucas
Albuquerque, N.Mex.

The woman who finds fulfillment in keeping a home is truly blessed, for most of us are faced with a certain amount of housework. But to say that every woman should feel a thrill of creative accomplishment at the mention of homemaking is as ridiculous as saying that every man should want to farm or do any other one line of work.

The difference is that when a woman brings a child into the world, she automatically assumes the responsibility of raising that child to the best of her ability. This requires

Mothers

Mothers, Go Home! urged Crystal Kathleen Jackson, Oklahoma wife and mother, in these pages last September. Working mothers, she asserted, lose their warmth, undermine their men, may start their children toward delinquency. We knew this was a controversial viewpoint, so we invited readers to comment. If there were enough letters, we promised, a sampling would be presented as a Powwow. There were plenty—they poured in on us from coast to coast. Put together, they would make a sociological treatise—but a far more warm-blooded one than is usually available to college students. Here are typical excerpts.—Eds.

her presence, for you cannot hire someone to love your child. The feeling of resentment around children of working mothers is often almost tangible. This is not true of working widows—these youngsters sense that their mothers are working *for* them and not to *avoid* them.

Before you decide that your children will not pay for your work outside the home, spend some time with the children of your working friends. You will learn what conscientious elementary teachers have long known. Motherhood is a full-time job.

The picture is not all black. Children are grown long before mothers are too old for interesting work outside the home. In the meantime, compromise! Any woman who has the education or ability to hold a job which pays well enough for her to afford to work away from home can find a hobby or avocation to follow at home. She can certainly remain an interesting person.

Let's not rationalize this one most important issue and, in so doing, jeopardize our homes and our nation. Our children need mothers, and while they are young we have no right to put our personal preferences above their welfare.

My Boys Know Why I Work

Mrs. Ralph Helpling
Wabasso, Fla.

I can only assume that Mrs. Jackson's home is in the North, where salaries are definitely higher than here in the South. I agree with the

views she expresses. However, I do not feel that the complete picture is presented.

The three little sons I leave to work know that Mommie would rather be at home doing the housework, baking, and taking care of them—if it were possible. We talked it over when I took a job and they understand that it was not for extras or luxuries that I went to work, but to help Daddy pay the bills and medical expenses.

As a young couple, we are buying a home now because we want to have something in return for our work. Rent goes out every month with nothing lasting to show for it. But this way our home will be paid for before the children reach high-school age, when expenses will really climb.

Pay Not as Big as It Looks

Mrs. Dorothy L. Gerner
San Jose, Calif.

Whether a mother works outside the home depends on what she feels is most important. Exceptions would be the widow who has no other income or the mother who goes to work to help cover a temporary emergency.

In reality, the additional check makes little difference. Unplanned and quickly prepared meals are more expensive. More clothes are necessary. And there's the baby-sitter's salary, too.

When I was working I hardly knew my daughter and had little time for my husband. Then I asked myself, "What is most important to you?" I knew the answer was having a home which was a haven, warmth, a listening ear, a mind free of outside pressures, and loving care and guidance for my children. It seemed that by working I was missing all these things.

My pay check now? To have my daughter run in breathlessly with a new discovery to share. To feel little arms encircle my legs as I wash dishes and hear a small voice saying: "I love you." The joy of guiding a maturing personality and spirit. My son's smile. The chance to look proudly at my husband as he provides, and know I am helping by trying to make his home one which helps him do his work well.

Yes, the worn rug will have to go a little longer. That new suit just can't be had. The hi-fi we've tried to save for is still in the dream stage. And the house painting will have to wait another year. These are not the important things. I'm a full-time wife and mother, and it's wonderful!

'Life Can Get Awful . . .'

Mrs. Charles Ford
Downing, Wis.

Life can get awful for a young mother. With babies every two or three years, endless washing, stacks of dirty dishes that never seem to get all washed, meals to get, and sometimes constant crying, a person can get pretty depressed.

A husband may change his job three or more times before he is settled, but a young wife must either like it or go mad. When a mother finds she truly isn't a good housekeeper and takes a job, she becomes herself again. She now is a complete person, doing something she can do well. She finds herself talking about her lovely children. She has fun fussing over a meal on her day off. She yearns to stay home and get that closet cleaned.

When this mother comes home to stay, she has learned to appreciate and understand. She now knows why her husband would rather sleep in front of the TV than go to a movie. He has learned, for his part, that even a simple chocolate cake is a great production and that babies don't wash their own faces. Both parties have learned something important.

I think sometimes an outside job can do much to combat mental breakdowns in women. It gives them a greater respect for their homes, their families, even life itself. But then go home, Mother. The kids will gladly trade a new coat for a batch of warm cookies. And you can change their lonesome faces into the eager ones that accompany excited shouts of: "I'm home, Mom. I'm hungry!"

Student's Wife, Can't Quit

Mrs. John Cherne
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Jackson overlooks one major point—some mothers have to work because their families depend upon them for the necessities of life. They do not work because of the glamour of a career or the desire for the extras that hubby's salary can't provide.

A growing part of this group is made up of students' wives. In our age of rapid technological advance high school diplomas or even four years of college are not always enough. A man may be approaching 30 before he finishes school. In many cases it is only with the financial assistance and moral support of his wife that a man like this can remain in school. Does this mean that if he marries he must take steps to prevent the birth of children? Even if the moral answer to birth control were simple, birth control measures are not foolproof.

This means that many of us simply cannot accept Mrs. Jackson's argument that motherhood and a career cannot be successfully combined. We must combine these two, for we cannot give up our children and we cannot give up the job that feeds and clothes them.

Fortunately, our situation is not as hopeless as Mrs. Jackson would have us believe. The thing that enabled Mrs. Jackson to help her husband and children (when they were evidently hovering on the brink of emotional instability) was not the added time she had at home—it was a changed attitude. After 20 long years in the office, she suddenly realized the importance of her role as wife and mother. When she made this discovery, she was able to leave her job. Others of us cannot leave our jobs, but we can still make the discovery. With the right attitude, our jobs can be used as one more way of conveying our love to our families.

She's Silently Sizzling!

Mrs. Clarence O. Voss
Medicine Lodge, Kans.

I have been silently sizzling for the five years I have been a working mother. I have listened to many people and read many articles in those years which should convince me that my three children will all become juvenile delinquents because I work in a law office nine months out of the year. But I would like to say a word in defense of working mothers.

Who comes home to the empty

house? Mother! Our high-school senior has so many extracurricular activities she wouldn't be home by five no matter how many hours I had been there. The junior-high athlete barely makes it in time for the evening meal. Even the "baby," now 11, has a hard time beating Mother, what with Girl Scouts, twirling lessons, and Sunday-school committees.

But when evening arrives, we are all together and we take time for sharing troubles and triumphs. Sunday, too, is strictly family day—no dates or outside interferences if possible. There are still lots of hours for the family outside of my eight-to-five schedule.

I'll admit I don't have time to play bridge or belong to other social groups, but I do find time to help with the MYF as a teacher and area adviser, and I participate in PTA and school activities.

It isn't always easy and it does take lots of planning and organizing of one's time, plus a helping hand from the man of the house, but I still argue it can be done. And with the rising cost of education—and three children to send through college—the budget needs a little help from Mother.

I have many friends in the category of working mothers. I know them all well, but I don't know their "delinquent children"—they all look like normal, healthy, well-adjusted kids to me!

She's Back Home, Now

Mrs. Alvin Spiller
Olean, N.Y.

Working mothers say: "We get along fine." From my experience that's just what they do—"get along."

Four years ago I stepped in to help out "temporarily" in my husband's restaurant.

Washing, ironing, cleaning were done on the run, before or after my eight hours of work. Supper was started before I left for the restaurant and finished by our 12-year-old daughter as she watched her two brothers, 10 and 7. Weekends these three spent mostly alone; our 15-year-old boy helped us.

Our "together times" suffered most, like the Christmas Eve we finally made and decorated Christmas cookies at 10:30 and never did make the traditional candy. There was the Easter the children spent with an aunt, as their father and I both had to work. No more time for Scouts and Campfire Girls, no church board and committee meetings. It took too much time, even, to keep in touch with our friends by phone.

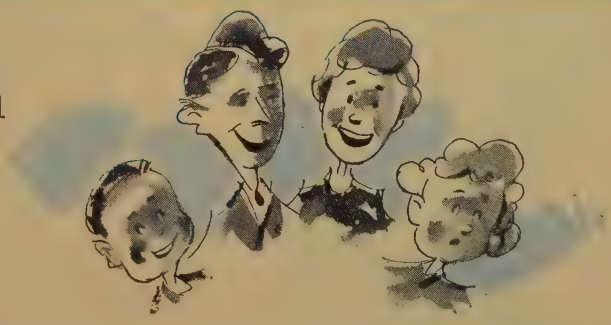
Then discipline began to slide. So did the fine relationship between my husband and me. Finally my health broke from the strain.

After 18 months I decided this was no family life! Our seven-year-old clinched my last doubts by telling his teacher, "We don't mind not getting any more new things. Mommy is going to be home all the time now."

Mommy's still home—learning the exciting, sometimes hurtful things that happen at school, going window shopping with a teen-age daughter, taking a carload skating or on a picnic, serving as Youth Director at Church, and keeping open house for friends of all ages, meals included.

Sure, we could use the money; but we have found wealth no money can ever buy! We'd never exchange this for a pay envelope!

Papa and the Children Speak Up, Too



The working mother who can create a Christian atmosphere of love and respect in her home will receive love and respect from her children. My mother is one, having supported our family since my father died nine years ago.—*Hedi Heiden, Vinita, Okla.*

I think it will be apparent that the cases where children have gone wrong will be attributable to a mother's absence from home. And I'll say this, that it is also the cause of many a man's seeking solace in another woman's company. But it is best left to the women involved; nothing I can say will prevent them from doing what they wish to do. I am almost 81 and have had some experience with women.—*Harry H. Yates, Island Heights, N.J.*

To the article: *Mothers, Go Home!* in the September issue, let us bow in humble thanks with an eloquent: "Amen!"—*The Rev. Laurence Garrett, Keswick, Iowa*

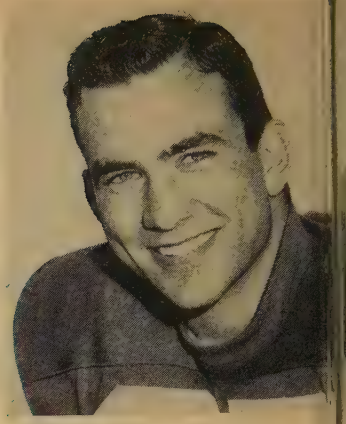
My mother has been working, out of necessity, for the last 3½ years. Although this makes for occasional difficulties, I do not believe she could have found a better way to teach her three children how to take on responsibilities. And I do not believe my friends talk to their mothers any more during the day than I do in the evening.—*Joyce Culbertson, Adelphi, Md.*

A frustrated, tied-down woman grows narrow in her thinking and resentful in her relationships. She cannot give the best of herself. Her children gain nothing from her physical presence. They lose by it. If mother needs her outside job to be a happy person, she had better keep it. For martyrs don't make good mothers.—*V. R. Mayberry, Goshen, Ind.*

Fred Russell selects:

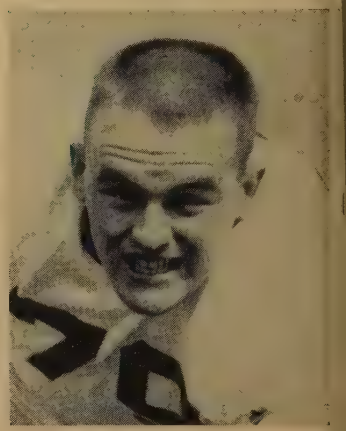
University

QUARTERBACK,
Don Meredith
SMU



END, *Claude Moorman*
Duke

THE METHODIST
UNIVERSITY & COLLEGE



TACKLE, *Bob Yates*
Syracuse

IN COLLEGE football, this was the year of the widened goal posts, the "opportunity" specialist who was allowed to enter a game any time the clock was stopped, and some of the strongest Methodist-related teams in many seasons.

Syracuse and Northwestern, both Methodist-related universities, were two of the most powerful. As this fourth annual All-American, All-Methodist team was selected, they both appeared headed for major bowl engagements on New Year's Day.

It won't be surprising if, when the consensus of the most respected All-American line-ups is known, we find the names of at least three players from schools associated with The Methodist Church. That trio is made up of Don Meredith, Southern Methodist's peerless passing quarterback, rated by several authorities as the greatest of all time in his specialty; Ron Burton, Northwestern's fancy-stepping halfback, who started the season by ripping up Oklahoma's vaunted defense for 117 yards, and Mike McGee, Duke's superlative guard.

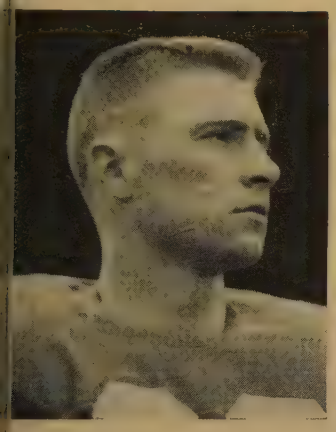
TACKLE, *Gene Gossage*
Northwestern

GUARD, *Mike McGee*
Duke

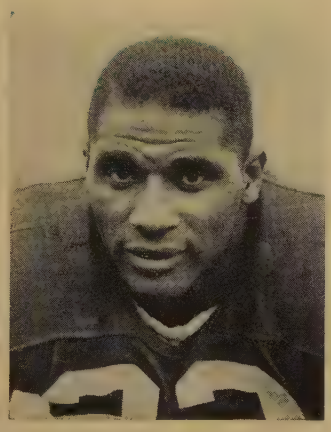
CENTER, *Max Christian*
SMU

GUARD, *Roger Davis*
Syracuse

All-American Elevens



END, *Gene Prebola*
Boston



HALFBACK, *Ron Burton*
Northwestern

HALFBACK, *Ray Purdin*
Northwestern

FULLBACK, *Art Baker*
Syracuse

Two other players from these schools also are receiving considerable attention from the nation's sports analysts: Gene Gossage, 233-pound tackle in Northwestern's formidable line, and Roger Davis, 228-pound guard in the muscular and mobile Syracuse forewall. Coach Floyd Schwartzwalder called Davis "the best lineman we have had at Syracuse in 11 years."

In picking any top players, it must be remembered that modern football is better than that played as recently as 25 years ago. Even veteran coaches concede this. Allowing for rare exceptions, present-day teams are niftier, quicker, and smarter. They can carry out baffling offensive patterns with whirlwind speed and almost military precision.

This is a time of explosive innovations, a vast variety of ground-gaining devices, and magician-like ball handling. Sometimes the deception is incredible. Methodist teams helped to provide fans with spectacular football far ahead of the standard of other years.

Big men? Our university line averages 218 pounds—

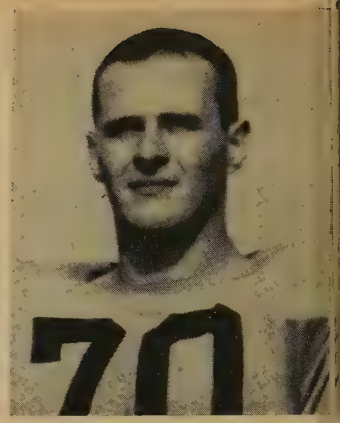
SECOND UNIVERSITY ELEVEN

POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	Elbert Kimbrough	Northwestern
T	Bob Minahane	Boston
G	Jerry Arnold	Chattanooga
C	Jim Andreotti	Northwestern
G	Bobby Loveless	SMU
T	Jim Gardner	Duke
E	Henry Christopher	SMU
Q	Dave Sarette	Syracuse
H	Gerhard Schwedes	Syracuse
H	Dick Bass	College of Pacific
F	Jack Work	Denver

END, *Dick DeHaven*
Ohio Wesleyan

TACKLE, *Howard Stroebel*
Willamette

GUARD, *Ron DiBuono*
Wofford



CENTER, *Dick Dunn*
Allegheny

and it's fast. And that isn't unusual in this day. It's above the normal, perhaps, but not much. Auburn's mighty 1959 up-front men averaged 223 pounds—and they could move. Thirty years ago the average was closer to 193 pounds, often under that.

The current All-American, All-Methodist college and university teams, with their size, skill, and swiftness, are representative of all that is progressive in football today.

The number of professional players coming from the smaller colleges can mean only one thing: these schools, too, are playing a tough, polished game. It also indicates that they are peopled with stars equally as bright as those who cavort in big-time football. Dick Dunn, Allegheny center, and George Phelps, Cornell College fullback, are two of the prime examples from Methodist-related schools.

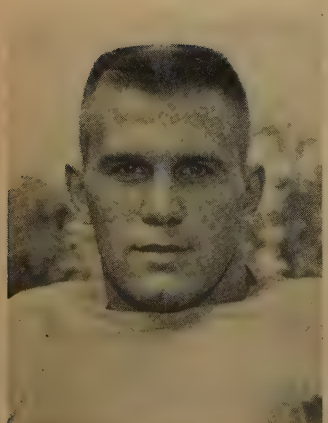
This is a team of leaders and choosing a captain for each squad is a difficult task. Our nominations go to SMU's Meredith and Cornell's Phelps.

Phelps, a senior in economics and business administration at Cornell, hails from Kingsley, Iowa, and recently was named to the "Who's Who" among American college students. Powerful and fast, toward the end of the season he was averaging 100 yards rushing per game.

Meredith, holder of the all-time collegiate record for passing accuracy, is a business-administration major. A star for three years, he had one of his best games when he led SMU to its first Southwest Conference victory of this season over Rice. In that game he completed 15 of 25 passes for 212 yards.

Both Meredith and Phelps are Methodists, though this is not a requirement to make the squad. The teams are chosen from among players who attend Methodist-related schools.

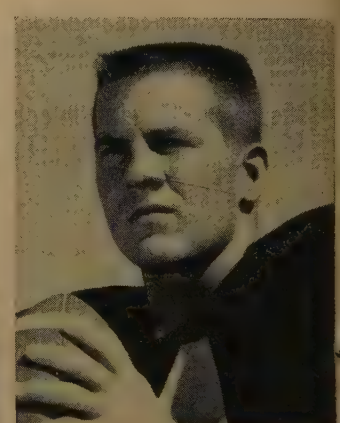
And now, with pride, TOGETHER announces the names of its All-American college team in the same breath as those of their fellows from the larger universities. Our experts tell us that if the two elevens were to clash, the result could well be a standoff.



GUARD, *Ed Receski*
Lycoming

TACKLE, *Dean Patenaude*
West Virginia Wesleyan

END, *Roy Elliott*
College of Puget Sound



QB, *Chuck Brady*
Baldwin-Wallace

Together / SAN FRANCISCO Area *NEWS* Edition

JANUARY, 1960

Urges Women to Hold Values Despite Change

The effects of rapid change, and expression of firm purpose to hold fast to eternal values as women in the church and individually accept responsibility, ran through the entire program for the California-Nevada Conference Woman's Society annual meeting, Oct. 27 at Trinity Church, Berkeley.

As sprincipal speaker, Mrs. E. U. Robinson of Lebanan, Tenn., chairman of the Woman's Division's spiritual life committee, declared that "our frontiers today are in lives that have not been made accessible to Him.,,

Speaking on the theme of "New Dimensions for Living," she urged that "if we are to remain true to our Methodist heritage, our faith must have direct expression in life." She added that "the Gospel Wesley preached helped men translate ideals into action."

The 1,200 women attending the session also heard reports from:

Mrs. Emma Baumgardner of Tracy and Mrs. James P. Howell of Hamilton-San Francisco, delegates to the recent national Christian social relations seminar, regarding the Christian's responsibility in situations created by the "speed of change."

Mrs. Irene Swinney and Miss Faith Whitaker, missionaries in Korea supported by the Conference WSCS.

Two other projects sponsored by the group—Beulah Home for the aging and the work with non-English speaking people.

Taylor Photo

Men from some of the most distant points in California-Nevada attended this year's Methodist Men's Convocation. Dr. Clare N. Pettit (left), Conference lay leader, greets J. W. Hall of Smith River, Luther White of Etna, Supt. Douglas Ewan of Sacramento-Nevada District (behind White), Don Scott of Taft and Dr. Garvin Goble of Fortuna. All journeyed 250 or more miles from home churches.

FAMILY ESCAPES

Fire Destroys Parsonage

One parsonage was destroyed and another narrowly escaped as forest fires hit the lower Sierra Nevada area in early November.

The Rev. and Mrs. Harry Loy of Dutch Flat escaped with only their car and a few personal belongings as their rented parsonage, house trailer and all contents were burned. Other churches in Sacramento-Nevada District were coming to their aid, and the $420 Sunday offering at the Conference Methodist's Men's Convocation was for them.

Another fire burned within 150 feet of the Georgetown parsonage before turned by the wind. Spot fires were even closer.

Taylor Photo

Past and present leadership of the Conference WSCS chatted at the annual meeting with Mrs. E. U. Robinson, speaker. From left are Mrs. Donald H. Tippett, Mrs. Robinson, Dr. Evelyn Miller Berger, first Conference president who was given an honorary life membership, and Mrs. Ted F. Baun, Fresno, current president.

Methodist Men Establish Attendance Record

In unprecedented numbers, Methodist Men from all parts of San Francisco Area were at Mt. Hermon Nov. 6-8 for the annual men's convocation. The registration of 305 men and women was some 50 per cent above any previous year's and represented some 75 churches, also a new record.

Four major addresses and two discussion sessions with a choice of six groups featured with weekend. Theme was "The Christian Individual and His Responsibility."

Dr. Clare N. Pettit of Parlier, conference lay leader, presided over the program, acclaimed by many as "best ever." The California-Nevada Board of Lay Activities decided to aim at full-time registration of 250 and total attendance of 500 next year.

Excerpts from the addresses include:

Col. Charles I. Carpenter, Protestant chaplain of U. S. Air Force Academy. The fact that the military are the most

numerous and probably the most influential representatives of Christian America increases the importance of their having Christian training and background. In order to combat Russian ideology, we need full understanding of the American scene and Christianity's part in it.

Dr. Malcolm Eiselen, professor of history at College of the Pacific, reviewed the effects of the Christian church, and attitudes toward it, in many sectors around the world, as seen in a recent trip.

Miss Elsie Farris, Long Beach attorney —The Christian church sets the only possible solution beyond bloodly revolution in Africa's social revolution. She challenged Christians to become part of the world revolution, to become part of an outreaching world fellowship, to "make Christianity a living experience of Christ himself in our hearts."

Bishop Tippett stressed the idea of proportionate responsibility for the Christian individual—the more you have received in talents and blessings, the greater your responsibility to serve and give to others. He reminded that "as Christians, we have been blessed with something more than others."

The Board of Lay Activities approved plans for a permanent stewardship committee, with two representatives from each district and some from other boards, to develop strategy, training and aids. It will be headed by Robert Winterberg of Grace-Stockton, business manager of College of the Pacific.

• Speakers for coming luncheons of the Inter-City Methodist Men group have been announced as Bishop Tippett, Dec. 16, on Methodism's 175th anniversary, and Dr. George Willey of First-Palo Alto and Stanford University, Jan. 27, on the church and television. The group meets at Glide Church, San Francisco, for all interested men.

• All eight men got the legal limit when the Methodist Men of Escalon Church went deep-sea fishing in October. At the ensuing fish fry, the club also reported "mission accomplished" on projects of surfacing church and parsonage driveways and arranging for curbs along church property.

• "Methodist Man of the Year" selected by First Church, Redwood City, club is A. L. Schafer, a Methodist since 1895. After 30 years with the Red Cross, including service as national director of disaster relief and Pacific area manager, he retired in 1948 but has been active in fund-raising and other church work. He is a member of the Conference Board of Evangelism and formerly was on the Nominating Committee.

FETE SERVICEMEN

200 Attend 2nd Annual Temple Church Dinner

The expanding program of service to service personnel at Temple Church, San Francisco, was boosted November 8 when some 200 persons, 75 of them in uniform, participated in the second annual Servicemen's Day.

Bassett Photo

This was part of the picture November 8 as Temple Church, San Francisco, entertained some 75 service men and women in dining room and patio, second annual such program.

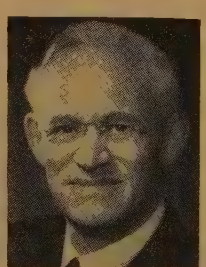
Thirteen cars brought Navy men from the farthest point. The men ushered, worshiped, ate, sang and played in the program sponsored by the Wesley Fellowship and the commissions on education and membership and evengelism. In general charge were Mrs. Rolland V. Barney as WF counselor and Mrs. William G. Marx for the dinner.

Feature Panel

A feature was a panel discussion on *A Christian Attitude Toward Military Service,* led by Navy Chaplain George R. Brosius of Treasure Island; Shirley Albright, nursing student at University of California Medical Center; Richard Ernst, student at San Francisco State College; Seaman Gayle Dobbins of Treasure Island.

Rev. Radcliffe to Lead Spiritual Growth Retreats

Retreat master for this year's spiritual growth retreats, sponsored by the Conference Board of Evangelism, will be the Rev. Lynn J. Radcliffe, pastor of Hyde Park Community Methodist Church in Cincinnati.



Dr. Radcliffe

The meetings, for laymen as well as ministers, will be January 4-6 at White Sulphur Springs Campgrounds and January 6-8 at Mt. Hermon Conference Grounds.

Dr. Radcliffe is the author of *Making Prayer Real,* is a member of the General Board of Missions and has been a leader in several communities in crime prevention, children's court, interracial work.

Pay Apportionments

Conference apportionments were paid in full to the end of October by 138 churches, according to Treasurer Frank Webber.

Payments totaled 80 per cent of the amount due, nearly 10 per cent of those at the same time a year ago, and were $60,000 ahead of last year's.

California-Nevada Conference in June resolved to strive for 100 per cent apportionment payment by all churches in order to meet expanding needs within the Conference area.

Change Berry to Oakland

Recent pastoral appointments by Bishop Tippett include George E. Berry, transferred from Rocky Mountain Conference and assigned as associate at First-Oakland; E. J. Campbell to LeGrand and Cathey's Valley; Donald Bissett from minister of education at Millbrae to associate at Los Altos.

New assistant minister at St. Paul's-Fresno is Elmer R. Burkey, retired from a ministry in Kansas. Edward Viau, senior at Sacramento State College and a past district president and Conference officer in MYF, is the new director of youth education at Central-Sacramento.

Rev. E. L. Mills Dies in Palo Alto at 84

Death suddenly came this fall to a number of widely known ministers and

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laymen of the San Francisco Area.

The Rev. Edward Laird Mills, 84, who edited the *Christian Advocate* for the West Coast for 23 years, died November 7 in Palo Alto, where he had resided since retiring in 1943. Dr. Mills entered the ministry in 1902 in Montana, served as pastor and district superintendent there, as superintendent of the Utah Mission and as superintendent of frontier work with the General Board of Missions. He was active in First Church, Palo Alto, until becoming ill a few months ago.

Miss Esther Helgesson, for whom the word "Epworth" held unusual significance, died of leukemia November 6 at the age of 66. She was a member for more than 50 years of Epworth Church, San Francisco, always active in its youth program and in recent years superintendent of its church school. During the early 1920's she was president of the California Conference Epworth League. At the time of her death she was vice-president of the Methodist Summer Conference Association (Monte Toyon) and on the board of California-Nevada Methodist Camps, Inc.

After service with the Japanese, both as a missionary in Japan and with the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference, the Rev. S. A. Stewart died October 18. He had for some years worked with the congregation at Mesa, Ariz.

The Rev. Charles P. Martin, who retired in 1946 after 41 years in the ministry, died October 27 at Modesto. He had served in the North Texas, Pacific, Arizona and California Conferences.

Mrs. Luther J. Amos, widow of a Conference member, died October 21. Services were at Mountain View, scene of their last pastorate.

Hubert Baugh, 79, of Central Church, Sacramento, died October 1. Son of missionaries to India, he formerly directed the choirs of North Sacramento and Oak Park-Sacramento.

COP Looking Ahead

Plans looking toward the greatest development by College of the Pacific since its 1924 relocation have been approved by its board of trustees. The objectives are change of name, purchase of an adjacent campus and organization of a new, associated college.

The first proposal means revival of the legal name, University of the Pacific, under which the school operated from 1852 to 1911. The academic structure already includes professional schools of music, education, pharmacy, and engineering, a college of liberal arts and a graduate division. President Robert E. Burns said the term university would more accurately identify Pacific among California institutions, since many two-year colleges have dropped the word "junior" from their names.

Proposed purchase of the 40-acre campus of Stockton (junior) College just south of COP, represents the last opportunity for physical expansion without buying residential poverty or crossing a river. No appraisal has yet been made of the facilities offered by Sstockton College, which plans to move.

The plan also contemplates creating a new college within the university structure, limited to about 300 specially selected liberal arts students. It is hoped to provide a new residence quadrangle in time to start the school in 1961. President Burns recommended that growth of church-related higher education can come best through clusters of colleges using major facilities jointly but retaining small college social values and a personalized education experience.

Refugee Expert in Oakland Area Jan. 21

In the midst of World Refugee Year, one of the world's leaders in refugee resettlement will be the speaker at the Northern California-Nevada Council of Churches' annual meeting. The session will be the evening of Jan. 21 in Oakland Scottish Rite Auditorium.

Dr. Cooke

Speaker will be Dr. Leslie E. Cooke of Geneva, since 1955 associate general secretary of the World Council of Churches and director of its division of interchurch aid and service to refugees. The division works in 45 countries and in 1956 resettled 28,000 refugees. Earlier Dr. Cooke was one of Great Britain's outstanding preachers and writers and was for seven years general secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

Retreats Train Workers

Nearly all of the leaders for this year's Retreat for Adult Workers with Youth were themselves products of this conference's youth program.

Some 125 adult workers, from as far away as Crescent City and Bakersfield, attended for training and inspiration, with much of the time spent in small groups discussing the "why" of youth work in the church.

One result will be the establishment of more training opportunities within districts.

Speaker was the Rev. Robert McCallister, once editor of the conference youth paper and until last June associate director of youth work for the conference.

Other leaders who were former conference or district officers included the Rev. Donald Fado of Sierra Vista-Fresno, the Rev. John Foster of First-San Jose, the Rev. John Dodson of Moraga and Martinez, Jim Lynn of Burlingame, John Sublett of Los Altos.

Under the Rev. Jerry Carter of Trinity-Berkeley as dean, the staff also included Mrs. James Fakkema of First-Redwood City, Mrs. Jay Farrar of Grace-San Francisco, the Rev. Robert Hawthorne of Tracy, Mrs. Albert Lynch of Grace-Stockton, Robert J. Cary, conference program counselor working with youth and students.

Says Church Needs to Reach Out to People

Need for the church to understand today's society and to reach out to people "where they are" was stressed in a rousing series of talks at November's annual Glide School of Evangelism.

The Rev. William Gowland, director of Luton Industrial Mission and College of Industrial Evangelism in England, said that only in the latter field is England ahead of U. S. Methodism. "In England we stayed with a 19th century pattern of evangelism so long that the pattern was worn out. Men saw that the Gospel being preached was irrelevant, and they didn't understand the language."

He added that "the outstanding problem of the church in the 20th century is the art of communication." The church alone can answer man's question about where we come from, why we are here and where we are going, but it cannot answer them from a distance, through television, books, and the pulpit; it needs to see that "the greatest moment for evangelism is at daily work."

The church has become separated from the labor movement largely because the Catholic Church created cliques in labor and because the Protestants have "stayed away," Gowland charged.

Plans for following up the impetus for industrial evangelism were being developed by the Conference Board of Evangelism.

The former conference lay leader, President Lloyd M. Bertholf of Illinois Wesleyan University, returned to stress that "world-wide, we're getting hungrier and poorer" and that "the church must speak and mobilize power behind her voice so that oppressed people may hear." The message may be a warning, but should be primarily one of hope, he added.

Calling on his scientific training, Dr. Bertholf said the layman is essential to evangelism but needs to have his resistance broken down before he can be a transistor or a channel for effective use in the church.

Plan Christmas Pantomime

Special plans for Christmas announced by the churches include:

An outdoor pantomine of the Nativity story by St. Stephen's Church, Oakland, each evening from Dec. 18, on the Park Boulevard parking lot.

A life-sized creche in the prayer chapel of Glide Church, San Francisco.

Jerry Collier Photo

Those with 45 or more years of service were pictured at the centennial program of Willits Church. Seated are Mrs. Laura Page, Mrs. Susie Foster, Mrs. Edith Ford; standing, A. M. Sacry, Mrs. Della Hardisty, Mrs. Edith Eberhardt Baker, Mrs. Lela Heyward, former pastor Foster Hamilton, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Pearl Haehl, Pastor and Mrs. Charles Woodworth, Mrs. Julia Dill, Mrs. Robert Corbett, Mr. Corbett, Mrs. Bessie Shelton, Mrs. Pearl Blosser, Mrs. Isabelle Haskett.

Willits Centennial

A century since the first circuit rider, the Rev. W. B. Davis, came to Willits was commemorated by the church October 18.

The program featured a worship service, open house and historical display. Guest speaker was Howard Derby of Parkside-San Francisco, vice-president of the Conference Historical Society. Stress was placed on the role of laymen in the church, both then and now.

The church has been at its present site for at least 80 years. The old building was razed two years ago after a new one was built around it.

Honor Early Members

The 453 years of membership recorded by eight persons in Lakeport Church were recognized on Laymen's Day with presentation of Bibles. All have been in the church for a half century or more.

Longest continual membership is that of Mrs. Maude Thompson, who joined in 1893. Others, in order of years from 65 to 51, are Miss Bessie Morris, Mrs. Ada Price, Andrew Haas, Mrs. Alice Deacon, Mrs. Eva Jordan, Mrs. Dorothy Rider and Cliff Hendricks.

Lakeport is interested in knowing if this might be some kind of a record for a church of 138 members.

Hold Student Day

More than 700 students from 61 Methodist churches participated November 7 in the first Methodist Student Day at College of the Pacific.

Designed to acquaint the young people with college life in general and Pacific in particular, the program includes visits to major departments, with talks on several fields of study; chapel service addressed by James Lynn of Burlingame, youth associate at Tracy Church; panel on student life, banquet and football game.

In charge was Elliott Taylor, director of admissions.

Methodists Win Honors

Honors in many forms have come recently to several San Francisco Area Methodists, including:

Robert R. Porter of Epworth Church, Berkeley, selected by Berkeley service clubs as the community's "most useful citizen" of 1959. A loan company executive, he is the father of William Porter, director of Berkeley Wesley Foundation, and the Rev. Kenneth Porter of Good Shepherd Church, Richmond. Mr. Porter has held many church positions and is now a trustee and member of the official board.

Two ministers, the Rev. Ettore DiGiantomasso of St. John's Church, San Francisco, and Chancellor Tully C. Knoles of College of the Pacific, were among 337 persons elected to the honorary 33rd degree of Scottish Rite Freemasonry.

Two other men were elected by the same order as Knight Commander of the Court of Honor. They are the Rev. Joyce W. Farr of First Church, Bakersfield, and Edwin McInerney, church-school superintendent and lay speaker at St. John's Church, San Francisco.

Dr. Edwin Ding, chairman of the pastoral relations committee at St. Mark's Church, Stockton, was awarded a Fulbright lectureship at University of Taiwan. He left for Taipei in October and will spend a year teaching and doing research on economic development of Southeast Asia. He has been professor of economics and philosophy at College of the Pacific since 1948.

Edward E. Seagle, Jr., of Central Church Sacramento, has been awarded the Eagle rank in Boy Scouting.

Re-elect Ertola to Post as City Supervisor

Methodists have been elected to several high positions of leadership this fall, including:

Dr. Charles A. Ertola of St. John's Church, San Francisco, who received more votes than any other of the six city supervisors re-elected. It was anticipated that he will be president of the board of supervisors for the next two years.

Dr. Frank M. Stanger of Burlingame, re-elected president of the Conference of California Historical Societies.

The Rev. Howard Busching of First Church, Reno, chosen president of Washoe County Ministerial Association.

Dr. Thomas C. Holy of Epworth Church, Berkeley, added to the board of trustees of Pacific School of Religion. Re-elected were Mrs. Earle L. Menker of First Church, Oakland, and the Rev. Roy E. Wilson, executive secretary of the Conference Claimants' Endowment Board, also re-elected secretary.

Re-elected officers of Woman's Christian Temperance Union of California North include Mrs. Floyd L. Crouse of First Church, Redwood City, vice-president; Mrs. B. W. Parker of Berkeley, corresponding secretary; Mrs. Arthur Reum of Pacific Grove, recording secretary, and Mrs. A. J. Flegal of San Francisco, director of parliamentary law.

20 Heifers to Formosa

Twenty heifers, a gift from Humboldt County to Formosa, left San Francisco in late October in the custody of the Rev. Ray Magnuson of Fortuna and the Rev. Raymond Huddleston of Fall River Mills.

The shipment was part of the Heifer Project, Inc., to help restore overseas herds and food supplies.

The ministers, before returning in mid-December, planned to visit servicemen in Japan and Okinawa en route.

Consecrate Church Wing

First new unit in the master plan for Los Gatos Church, an administrative wing and five children's classrooms, was consecrated October 18 by Bishop Tippett. The unit cost $76,000.

Completion of the whole plan by the church's centennial in 1966 is the aim.

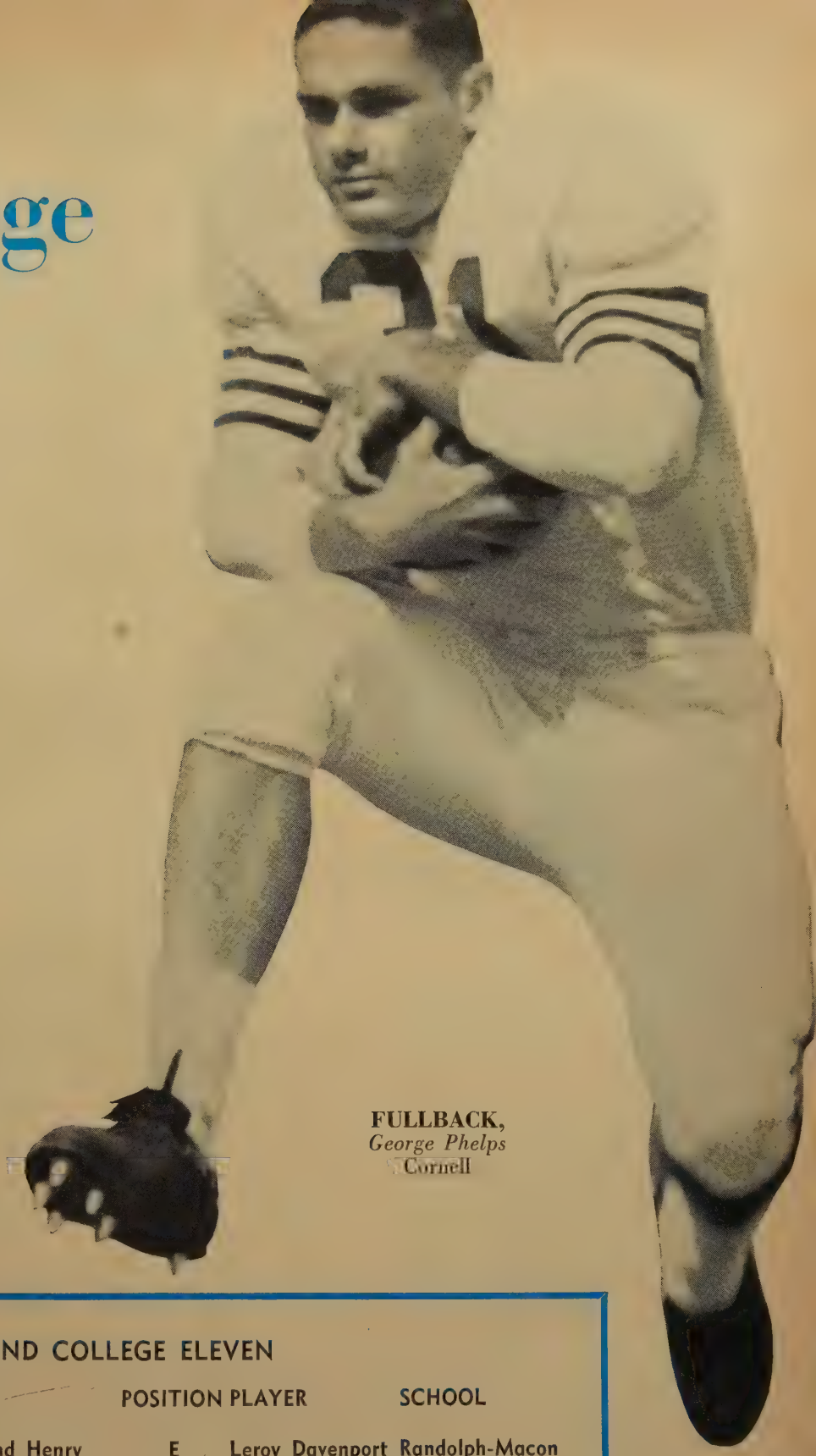
Conference Tickets

Those desiring guest tickets for the 1960 General Conference, to be held in Denver, April 27-May 11, should send requests to: The Rev. J. Otis Young, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.

College

HALFBACK,
Gary Hofmann
Nebraska Wesleyan

HALFBACK,
Elmer Menage
Morningside



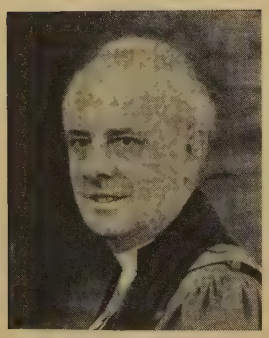
FULLBACK,
George Phelps
Cornell

SECOND COLLEGE ELEVEN

POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL	POSITION	PLAYER	SCHOOL
E	Levi Otey	Emory and Henry	E	Leroy Davenport	Randolph-Macon
T	Luke Izer	Baldwin-Wallace	Q	Bill Davis	Mount Union
G	Maynard Kline	Kansas Wesleyan	H	Billy Garnett	Randolph-Macon
C	Richard Hedges	Baker	H	Mike Stone	Albion
G	Fred Burgee	Western Maryland	F	Jay Farrar	Ohio Wesleyan
T	Bill Gorman	McMurry			

Has sickness struck someone dear to you?
Do you fear the months ahead may crush your hopes, bring disaster to peace-loving nations?
Then it's time to clear your faith—by setting up

The Case Against God



By LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD
Eminent Methodist pastor soon to retire after 23 years at London's famed City Temple.

WISE old Thomas Carlyle, after a shattering diagnosis by his doctor, told himself: "All right, so I am going to die. At any rate, I will die courageously."

He did not die—at least not then. But he had applied the truth later voiced by Lin Yutang, the Chinese philosopher: "Peace of mind comes by facing the worst." For sometimes when things in our lives or in the world around us seem uncertain and dark, it is good to state the strongest possible case against the goodness of God which these events seem to present. Then to think . . .

Let us look, then, at some of the factors in the case against God. We see a depressing situation among the nations. The world, full of hungry, homeless, wandering, and unhappy people, seems repeatedly to be on the brink of war. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—Conquest, Slaughter, Famine, Death—seem ever to hover on the horizon. Surely it does not look like a world that is a protégé of a loving, powerful God.

Closer at hand are a thousand things that puzzle a thoughtful Christian. Little children suffer pain that no one can explain to them or justify to himself. When asked to broadcast a cancer-campaign appeal, I was sent particulars of this disease which kept me awake at night. I dared not repeat them on the wireless. To have children suffer from incurable cancer could suggest that instead of the goodness of God being evident in the world, a monster sits on the throne of the universe.

We are counseled to prayer, and countless Christian people faithfully carry out the injunction. Yet many honest Christians would say that it is like talking to nothing. We continually pray for the sick, but we pray in faith and we go on doggedly. Our continuance is not based on scientifically kept records which prove that prayer is worth-while, or that it pays a dividend in renewed health. Let's be honest. Such figures alone would only prove that prayer was, in a high percentage of cases, a waste of time.

When we turn to nature, even where it is completely free from man's possible intervention, we find suffering, fear, and unhappiness.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED STEFFEN

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse—Conquest, Slaughter, Famine, and Death—seem ever to hover on the horizon. Surely it does not look like a world that is a protégé of a loving, powerful God.

One of the hymns is, in my opinion, almost sheer nonsense. It begins:

Yes, God is good: in earth and sky,
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,
"God made us all and God is good."

One verse tells us that

The merry birds prolong the strain,

and another line tells us that

The echoing sky and roaring seas,
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

But it could be said that any schoolboy who treated the birds as some of their own species treat them would rightly be severely punished. The butcherbird or shrike gets little birds and spikes them alive on thorns, to be devoured later. The robin, ornithologists tell us, is not pouring out a song of praise to the creator; he is warning all other birds that this is his territory, and if any other robin dares to claim it, he will knock his block off! As for the roaring seas proclaiming the goodness of God, no one who has traveled on them in a storm feels quite like that, and if he could penetrate into those depths and meet the octopus and the giant squid, the evidence that God is good may not seem so convincing as it does when one is singing hymns in a crowded church on Sunday.

It is no wonder that the philosopher, John Stuart Mill, said that either God was good and not powerful, or he was powerful, but not good. If he is love, it is argued, he could not tolerate the agony that man suffers, unless it be that he is powerless to prevent it. If he is powerful enough to prevent it, he cannot be love to allow it. Where is the sign of this power? We see terrifying power in avalanche and storm and flood, but if God is a loving, omnipotent Spirit, can he not do more in his world than he does for those who are told to call him "Father"?

If you ask, "Why does God allow to evil so much scope and power?" I don't know. Were I running the world, I would have removed Hitler as soon as he showed himself to be a fanatical monomaniac. I would either exclude cancer from my world, or I would rapidly show the men of science how to prevent it. If I were omnipotent, I would throw my weight about. I would show them!

Seriously, however, how much

easier it would be for God to do that. But to do so would be to overlook a vital fact. It is that the nature of power is not to rush at an end, whatever the means, but to achieve it by worthy means. Power is "the ability to achieve purpose."

A teacher with a difficult class could get on splendidly by excluding the backward boys, but if her purpose is to educate them all, she must do so at the cost of keeping even the naughty boys in the room. The purpose of a game may be to put a leather ball into a strong net. But it wouldn't do for someone to put it there when no one was about.

For man to rush to his end or goal by the shortest possible means and by unresisted might would defeat his purpose. The means accomplish more than the mere attainment of the end. Indeed, the end could not thus be reached, for we are men, not machines, and we have the power of choice. We must be allowed to learn slowly and make mistakes and involve others in our hurt, so that the purpose of God may ultimately be achieved. Like a good footballer, we are made not by the goal but by the way we reach it.

I do not think we can hope in this life, at any rate, fully to understand all things. We have to say with Tennyson:

I can but trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.

The alternative is to believe that the whole universe is a hideous nightmare, the creation of a malignant fiend or a slobbering idiot. We must have faith that behind all is someone not only like ourselves, but far, far better than we can ever conceive, utterly wise, utterly holy, utterly good, and, of course, ultimately omnipotent.

IF we can believe that, then the measure of what looks like unrelieved evil is at any rate the measure of purposed good. Unless God were as great and grand and good, as he must be, he would not dare to leave his children in a world that carries so strong a case against him.

Let us remember that God is still at work in his universe trying to make it according to his heart's desire. One Biblical writer, Jeremiah, likens this activity to a potter working upon clay. The simile illustrates Jeremiah's point, but does not apply to God working on humanity. Here he is working with clay possessing a free will. This clay has a hereditary stress and it is affected and infected by other lumps of clay near it. It already possesses trends toward evil, for to be selfish is easier than unselfish. Probably evil intelligences have already acted upon it, trying to use it for *their* purposes which are hostile to those of God.

The human material on which God is working is as unlike potter's clay as anything could possibly be! But I am convinced that man—and the entire universe—did not just happen without any purpose.

My friend, Dr. Raynor Johnson, who is a doctor of science of London University, uses the illustration of the embryo within the womb; the way in which the cells in that embryo are differently determined, some to make nerves, some bone, some brain, some teeth, and so on. Dr. Johnson, who is not a parson but a first-rate physicist, adds this: "If this is not evidence of highly intelligent purpose, I do not know the meaning of the word."

I think it is indisputable that the universe bears marks of the purposefulness of a mind in some ways like our own, for if that purposing mind were not like our own, we should not perceive it to be purposefulness at all. While there is much in the universe to puzzle us—things that seem meaningless or cruel or callous—there are at least marks of a mind at work. I call it "God."

I also am certain that our sense of values is in the main valid. We *know* that love is *better* than hate, humility *better* than pride, unselfishness *better* than selfishness, and that to be "he" is *better*—higher in the scale of being—than to be "it."

If the creative mind behind the universe does not contain these values, then man is better than his creator—better than God. It is incredible that the God-mind does not contain all—and more than all—of the qualities which man regards as indubitably good in himself, including personality.

This was the argument Jesus used. If ye, then, being evil would do kind things and give good gifts to your children, how much more will God? If a good shepherd will go over the mountains to seek a lost sheep, do you think God cares less for you?

This is not only the argument Jesus *used;* it is the argument that Jesus *was.* God being supremely good, any man reveals God to the extent to which he is good. A perfectly good man perfectly reveals God so far as God can be revealed within the limitations of human nature. So we find Jesus saying, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

THIS argument does not remove mystery, but it meets the charge of cruelty, or callousness, or carelessness against God. It does not dispel the darkness, but it suggests that the darkness will pass. It does not provide us with an answer to our questions; it suggests that there *is* an answer.

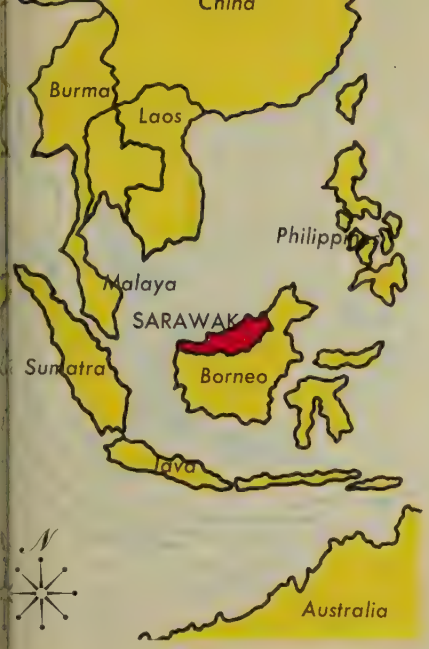
I cannot believe that even Jesus walked always in the light of assurance. He knew fear to the point of terror—in Gethsemane, for instance. He knew that horrible onrush of doubt. "If it be possible," he pleaded—he who had said that "all things are possible to God"—"let this cup pass." He could not believe that his so early death—just when he was succeeding in implanting this teaching in the hearts of twelve wavering men—was the best way to that spiritual success which he craved in his father's interests. Yet, though the case against God seemed heavy, forbidding, and terrifying, Jesus did not go back on his faith in God's ultimate goodness.

We might suppose that in that terrible moment on the cross when he felt deserted, he might have said to those gathered at its feet, "I was deluded. I was wrong. I hoped in God and I trusted God. But I fear he does not exist."

If he had spoken thus, it would have sounded logical for why should a loving and omnipotent God let down his own son who sought to do his father's will? Yet almost Christ's last word was, "Father, into thy hands I trust my spirit."

That quality of faith, though we may only possess it for brief moments and in small quantities, is the real answer to the case against God.

(By permission of *World Christian Digest.*)



A river is the only road to this agricultural mission carved from a tropical jungle by Thomas and Jennie Harris, Methodist missionaries to the Dyaks. With them is their adopted daughter, Diana.

Sarawak —ONCE HEAD-HUNTER LAND

In this strategic, far-off tropical wilderness, primitive tribes descended from onetime pagan savages and 'wild men of Borneo' cast off superstition, fear, and force for the 'Strong Jesus' religion of missionaries.

A grisly reminder of the pagan past, this smoke-blackened human skull once was a prized trophy.

Tattooed hunters report to a longhouse subchief on their pursuit of a wild boar in nearby rice fields.

The steaming jungle: here danger lurks near orchids blooming in wild profusion.

A Sarawak wedding procession moves through the streets of Sibu, a small town far downstream from Dyak land.

IN SARAWAK, a British crown colony on the island of Borneo, the native Dyaks live in communal longhouses along turgid rivers splitting snake-infested, fever-ridden rain forests. Throughout their history, these sturdy, light-brown aborigines—also knowns as Ibans—have lived in poverty, disease, and superstition, believing every tree, stone, and hillside had its evil spirits. Today, in this land where head-hunting was known as late as World War II, Christian missionaries preaching the gospel of a God who loves and cares have turned thousands of Dyaks from animism. Simultaneously, agricultural experts and medical teams are racing time to bring better diet and living conditions to Sarawak—one of Methodism's four great "Lands of Decision."

Friendly river: fishermen supplement an inadequate diet...

Deadly river: rapids cause many mishaps.

Dyak women once encouraged their husbands to hunt heads, but the new generation now is becoming Christian. These women a

The people of Sarawak now enjoy what, for them, is unheard-of prosperity. Christian missionaries are encouraging them to retain old skills while developing the potential of their oil, rubber, and timber-rich land.

ervice in a Rejang River house.

An old warrior, now Christian, dons the trophies of his youth— wild-boar tusks and a knife that flashed in many a perilous jungle battle.

New patients arrive by canoe as others leave on a launch after treatment at Kapit's medical center.

An anguished howl, then it's all over—one reason the infant-mortality rate has fallen sharply in Sarawak.

Sunday dinner in Sarawak: after the service, worshipers dine on luscious jungle fruit.

THE PEOPLE of Sarawak, missionaries say, are becoming Christian "one longhouse at a time."

"Before, we were afraid; now we are not," recently summed up an old Dyak warrior, known in his youth as a brave hunter of wild boar and human heads. "This God is too busy taking care of the rest of the world to come to us, so he sent doctors and nurses to help us when we are sick."

The strong belief expressed in these simple words helps show why some 5,000 Dyaks in the Methodist area of Sarawak have swung to Christianity in the last 10 years. Today many tribes are begging for a messenger to bring them the story of Christ, but workers still are lacking. Despite this, the church is carrying on an effective, practical program—with a hospital, established in 1957 and treating more than 10,000 patients annually; with a mobile boat clinic, and with schools for Dyak, Chinese, and Malay children. An agricultural center started eight years ago by a Negro missionary couple from Florida continues with notable success.

All dolled up: These girls will take a boat down-river to attend the Methodist school at Kapit.

Dyaks go to mission schools with Chinese and Malays.

Mission garden spot: modern know-how helps relieve the endless struggle for food.

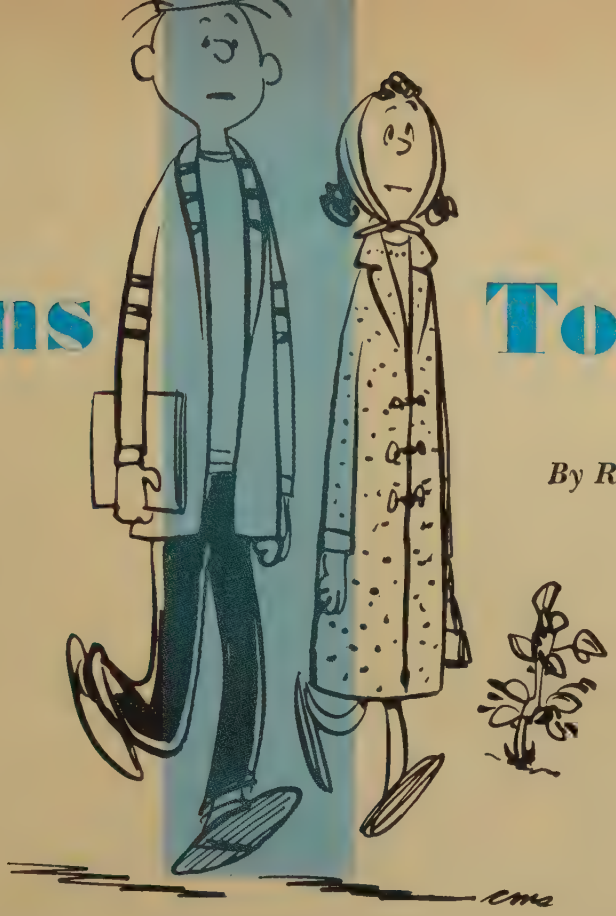
He's the center of Christian concern, this boy who one day may lead his people.

"IS THE LOVE of God so great to cause others to do such large things for us?" Now that the happier, better-fed people of northwest Borneo are pondering this question, missionary leaders foresee a mass movement in Sarawak which should lead 50,000 into the Christian church in the next 25 years. Other religions, too, are working in the field — the Buddhists, with followers among a sizable Chinese population, and the Moslems, who claim a majority of Malays. But in Sarawak, where the longhouse people earnestly desire to learn more about Christ, The Methodist Church has found one of the greatest opportunities in its long history of world-wide missionary endeavors.

The fine art of milking is taught by Thomas Harris at Sarawak's only dairy, a gift of the California-Nevada Conference.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR



"Someday when I get to be wealthy and famous, I wonder if I'll still be the same sweet, lovable, humble person I am now."

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

Q *We've worked out four dating rules in our girls' club: 1) We'll bring our boy friends in to meet our parents before we go out. 2) We'll get home at the time we've agreed upon. 3) We'll always double date. 4) We'll always let our parents know where we're going. Do you think these rules are reasonable? We girls are all 15. If we agree to the rules, shouldn't our parents let us have dates?—W.H.*

A Your rules are good as far as they go, but your parents should have a chance to study them and make additions. Some girls of 15 are mature enough for dates. Others aren't. Much also depends on the boys. Each family must decide for itself when dating should start.

Q *If I'm to go to college I must win a scholarship, so I need A grades. I'm having trouble studying at home. We bought a new TV. Daddy turns it up too loud. I have three little sisters. They pester me. Shouldn't a girl have a chance to study?—H.A.*

A Indeed she should. Talk with your mother. She can persuade your father to turn down the TV. She can help keep your sisters occupied elsewhere. Set up a study corner with a card table, chair, and lamp in the room farthest from your living room. Have regular hours for studying. Let everyone know your routine. Be nice about it, but firm.

Q *I'm in bad with my folks. I went to a show with a boy they don't like. Afterward, although I objected, he took me to a beer parlor. A neighbor saw us and told my mother. Now I'm on restriction for six months. I'm never to date this boy again. Is this really my fault? How can I convince my parents I'm not a bad girl?—C.G.*

A It is at least partly your fault. You could have refused to go. Girls need to learn how to say, "No" and make it stick. The best way to convince your parents you aren't bad is to be responsible in the future.

Q *Is there a way to wipe out my marriage? I'm a girl of 18, but I look older. My husband is 18, but he looks older, too. We went across the state line and got a wedding license. The next week we were married. No one in our families knows about it. I'm still with my folks and he is with his. I thought he really loved me. But now he's chasing another girl. The marriage was a mistake. Can you help me?—M.U.*

A There are ways to annul unfortunate marriages. Tell your parents; if you can't do it alone, ask your minister to help. You'll need a lawyer to advise you as to the next steps.

Q *I've been going steady with a boy. One night last week he dated the girl I thought was my best friend. She made out with him a lot more than I ever do. The next day he told me about it. I told all my friends what a bad girl she was with him. Now she is mad at me and so are her parents. What can I do?—C.S.*

A I suggest two things: 1) A sincere apology to the girl; 2) a strong resolution not to gossip again.

Q *My mother divorced my father when I was three. Later, she married my stepfather. I think he hates me because I'm not his flesh and blood. Often he is mean to me. I'm 14. Last night he whipped me for being bad. I've never heard from my real father,*

getting along Together

Working under pressure seemed no struggle for the janitor at First Church. At the close of a particularly full WSCS meeting day, the pastor asked, "How do you take orders from so many ladies all day long?"

"That's easy," replied the janitor. "I just throw myself into neutral and let them push."

—Marie Chapman, *Goodlettsville, Tenn.*

An elderly couple across the street is called "Grandma" and "Pappy" by the whole neighborhood. Recently, when their doorbell refused to chime, Pappy put a sign on it, "I am broke!"

When David, the newsboy, handed Grandma the paper she remarked that it was collection day.

"Aw, that's all right," David said, pointing to the sign. "Just tell Pappy I know he'll pay me when he can."

—Esther Elliott, *Indianapolis, Ind.*

On moving to a new home I hired a gardener who did not understand English well. "John," I said, pointing to large marigolds in the garden next door, "please get some flowers like that and plant along the drive."

When I returned home, John was gone, but beautiful marigolds were growing along the drive. Aghast to see vacant places where they had been taken from the garden next door, I hurried to my neighbor to apologize. Her answer amazed me:

"I'm happy," she said, "that I have a neighbor with whom I can share my flowers."

—Grace Finlayson, *Los Angeles, Calif.*

Little tales for this column must be true—stories which somehow lightened a heart. Together *pays $5 for each one printed. No contributions can be returned; please don't enclose postage.*—Eds.

but should I get in touch with him and ask him to take me?—B.K.

A Probably you should stay with your mother. Talk to her about this situation. Much depends on her feelings and on your real father's home. There's a good chance you would be jumping out of the frying pan into the fire if you moved. Ask your mother to help your stepfather understand how a girl of your age should be treated.

Q *I was 13 last week. I'm a tomboy-type girl. We live on a ranch and I always wear jeans. Skirts are uncomfortable. Boys at school tease me. In the past I didn't mind, but now I do. Must I be a girl-type girl to be popular?—E.B.*

A Before long you'll want to be what you call a "girl-type girl." I suggest you dress the way the other girls at school dress. You'll get used to skirts quickly.

Q *My girl's mother makes us take a chaperone with us when we go to the movies. My father is mad because we hold hands. He won't even let us sit beside each other on a davenport. I'm 15 and she's 14. Between her mother and my father we're trapped. Is there any way out?—K.K.*

A I believe there is. Many mothers won't let their 14-year-old girls have dates. So you are better off than you realize. Both of you should continue to be responsible. Prove to your parents that you are trustworthy. They know you are growing. If you don't offend them, they'll gradually relax the rules.

Q *Last summer we visited relatives. The kids teased me about my buck teeth. I cry about them every night. My father says they are a family trait. Can my teeth be straightened?—V.T.*

A Probably. Ask your parents to arrange a visit to a dentist. He can tell you. Straightening is expensive. But many boys and girls have it done.

Q *Am I old enough to marry? I am almost 20. I am engaged to a wonderful boy of 21. We have gone steady for four years. We're active in church. We've known each other all our lives. My parents say they will not consent to our marriage. Their only reason is that they think I am too young. Would a marriage counselor agree with them? What can I do?—N.A.*

A Most marriage counselors would say you are old enough. It has been reported that the largest age group of girls who married last year was the 18-year-old group. Be patient with your parents; ask your minister if he can help them understand. But you have your own life to live. In the last analysis, you'll need to make your own decision.

Q *Are teachers human? I go to our old high school. The teachers are all over 50. They scowl every time I smile at them. One man has me worried. He says he flunks half the boys in his room, and he looks straight at me when he says it. What can I do?—P.M.*

A Teachers are human and teaching is a strenuous job. Most teachers stand up remarkably well. A few old-timers do get crotchety. However, I've found their bark is worse than their bite. Do your best in each subject. Let each teacher see you are working. Keep on smiling. Do the little things they like. You can win them over.

Q *I am six feet tall and only 13. I am thin. My friends call me "Bones." The girl I like best is short. I'm embarrassed around her and start stuttering. Then the kids laugh at me. Lately she has ignored me. What can I do about her?—M.A.*

A You'll find there are advantages to being tall. When you start playing basketball the kids will envy you. Be pleasant with all the girls. Gradually you'll find you can talk to them without embarrassment. If the one girl ignores you, let her. You can't force her to be pleasant. There are other nice girls to talk with.

Teen-agers, *this is your column. Use it when you have a problem; your name will be withheld. Dr. Barbour will answer your question if you write him c/o* Together, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—Eds.

METHODIST AMERICANA

NUMBER 2

Teddy, some bishops—and a churchgoing dog.

***By the Editors of* TOGETHER**

THE SPECIAL November edition with which TOGETHER commemorated Methodism's 175th anniversary not only primed the historical pump, it started a chain reaction the country over.

We have, for instance, a letter from FLORENCE M. JOHNSON, secretary of the Brookeville-Mount Carmel Methodist Charge, Brookeville, Md., which follows up what THEODORE ROOSEVELT had to say about early Methodism on page 20 of the November issue.

If you recall, "Teddy" praised the church as being interwoven with America's history and especially congenial to a hardy folk. Well, the REV. C. G. MURADIAN, Brookeville pastor, has an old letter which throws more light on Teddy's attitude. It was presented to him by MR. and MRS. JAMES F. JORDAN, owners of a collection of presidents' letters. This one apparently went to a stanch Methodist who took offense at something Roosevelt had written. Teddy replied:

On the whole I personally prefer Methodism to any other creed—but its professors must be indeed thin-skinned.

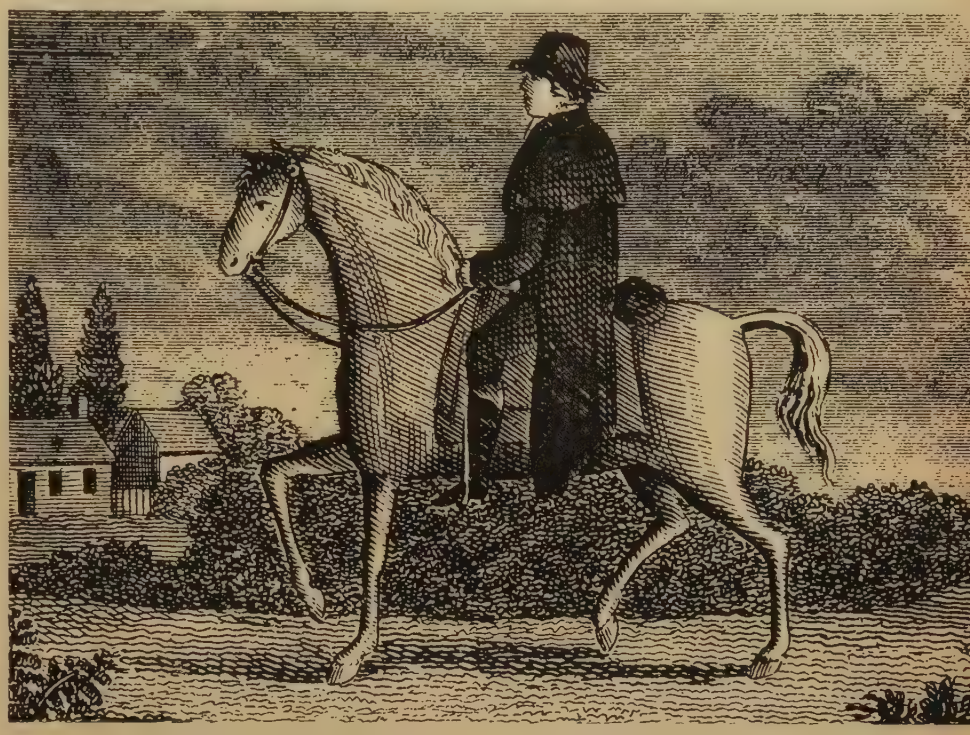
According to my experience a Methodist is more apt than any one else to sincerely believe and try to live up to his faith. That's all I meant. In the same paragraph you see I contrast them with the rowdies.

But, of course, change the phrase in any way you wish—put Bible-reading Methodists, who fearlessly lived up to their faith, or who had lives of rigid morality.

That's it. Could Teddy say the same about us?

If the WRIGHT BROTHERS hadn't invented the airplane, it would have been necessary for a Methodist bishop to do so.

This was suggested by a Chicago reader who says we should drop by any airport and watch the Methodist bishops go by. He says he rarely fails to encounter one on his trips about the country.



Francis Asbury's trail across the mist-shrouded Smokies is no easier today than when he rode it horseback, say Ohio Scouts who hiked it recently.

It was ever thus. It started with BISHOP ASBURY and his horse (Asbury rarely had time to stay around after the benediction) and continued through the buggy-wagon stage to railroads and hard-surface highways.

BISHOP WILLIAM A. QUAYLE used the railroads to fullest advantage before he died in 1925. He was a learned man, a former college president, a poet, and a romantic orator of the old school—but just let fire, flood, or accident try to stop him from reaching a pulpit on time!

Once he commandeered a railroad handcar; another time, disheveled and grimy, he took the pulpit after riding all night in a coal car. And he thought as fast as he moved. His thinking, in fact, ran so far ahead of his handwriting that researchers are still trying to decipher many of his personal letters. He often signed them with a sketch, supposed to be a quail, and once he wrote:

You may have heard of me. My name is found in all standard books on ornithology. Sometimes my picture is there, too. Only in the bird books do I look picturesque. . . .

The automobile age arrived in time for the REV. W. W. VAN ORSDEL, the BROTHER VAN of Montana sagebrush and Montana mountains, to pray and hitchhike his way to keep an "impossible" appointment in a pulpit at Choteau in Montana. He and his companions started in a heavy, two-seated spring wagon, but before evening the horses played out. All except Brother Van abandoned hope of reaching Choteau that night. In the REV. GEORGE MECKLENBURG's book, *The Last of the Old West,* C. L. BOVARD tells what happened:

On the horizon to the westward appeared a speck . . . which in a short time proved to be an automobile—a Ford, I think. [But the car turned down a cross

Although he wasn't a Methodist, the spunk of the church's early leaders frequently inspired this tough, hard-campaigning old Rough Rider.

trail before reaching the stranded men.]

Brother Van declared that he had made his appointment in good faith and that he believed yet that the Lord intended to get us to it. Just then the driver (of the wagon) exclaimed: "Look yonder! That fellow is turning around."

Brother Van said, with suppressed emotion, "That's the man."

"Do you know him?"

"Never saw him before in my life, but that's the man who is to take us to our appointment." By this time Brother Van had his suitcase out of the wagon, and walked confidently over to the automobile —one of a very few in the entire West at the time.

He reached his appointment while the pastor was announcing the first hymn.

Dr. Elmer T. Clark, executive secretary of the Association of Methodist Historical Societies, writes from Lake Junaluska, N.C., that he was glad to see the November issue hail John Dickins as the idea man of early Methodism. Dr. Clark points out that Dickins in 1780, near Halifax, N.C., planned the first Methodist school in America (they're in almost every state today) and raised the first money for Methodist education.

In 1783, Dickins went to New York and breathed new life into old John Street Church.

There he met DR. THOMAS COKE when the latter came to organize the church, and to Coke he opened his plan for a school. Coke preferred a college and at the ensuing Christmas Conference the Cokesbury School was launched, not in North Carolina, however, but in Maryland.

At the Christmas Conference, Dr. Clark continues, Dickins gave the name, Methodist Episcopal, to the new church; and in 1786, in North Carolina, he prepared the first *Discipline* ever issued in its present form. He also launched *The Arminian Magazine,* first American Methodist publication, in 1789. Dr. Clark has both rare volumes of this magazine, which appeared for only two years but was revived as *The Methodist Magazine* in 1818.

Dickins died of yellow fever in 1798, almost 10 years after becoming book agent, founder, and manager of the Methodist Book Concern in Philadelphia. Like many other enterprises started by this unusual idea man, the Book Concern continues after more than a century and a half. Today it is known as the Methodist Publishing House.

How the Rev. Jacob Smith's prayers were answered through his churchgoing dog is told in a yellowed clipping from *The St. Paul Pioneer Press* of October 24, 1909. Smith, a Minute Man of the Revolution, was pastor of a New Hampshire church when a difference of opinion arose over the time in church music. Should the flock sing with animation, as Smith desired, or with a dirgelike tempo as Deacon Will insisted?

The dispute reached its climax one Sunday while the pastor's dog slept, as usual, under the pulpit. When the preacher gave out the first song, indicating the time with his finger, the deacon beat slower time for his followers. When the singing began the dog leaped up, took his place at the preacher's side, put his nose high in the air—and howled. That ended the fight. From then on, the songs were sung with decided animation.

Another *Unusual Methodist* of years past inspired R. R. Stuart, an editor of *The Pacific Historian,* to suggest that a new Methodist church being built near San Lorenzo, Calif., be called the Jedediah Smith Methodist Church. Smith, he says, was not only the first American to travel overland to California, but the first Methodist to reach there. And he may have read his Bible and prayed near the site of the new church.

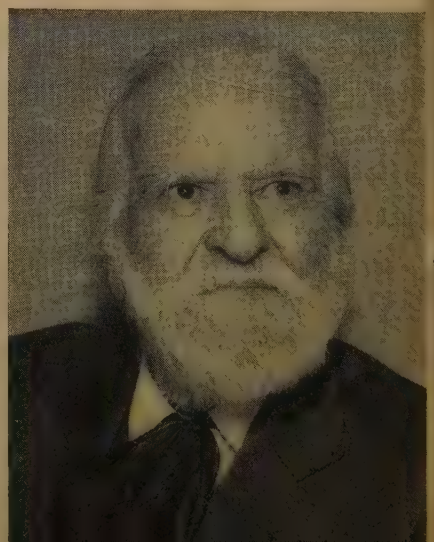
Smith, who was to die at the hands of Indians in 1831, went to California to learn the geography and economy of the area; within a year, he knew it better than any other man.

In 10 years Jedediah Smith explored and mapped 15 of the present states west of the Mississippi. He was, Mr. Stuart adds:

Clean, morally and physically . . . temperate, used no tobacco, was never profane, was not a squaw man. Of his company, he was the only one who kept himself clean-shaven.

At this writing, only two U.S. Methodist bishops can see farther down the road of the past than Bishop George A. Miller of Lafayette, Calif. At 91, he looks back on service as the last North American bishop of Latin America, plus years in the U.S., the Philippines, and Panama. In 1918 he founded a Methodist mission in Costa Rica. And he has written prolifically in English and Spanish on religious and travel subjects. Only retired Bishops Herbert Welch at 97 and H. A. Boaz at 93 are older than Bishop Miller, who

Edwin Markham: one of our oldest bishops recalls this famous poet.



ow contributes an item about nother Methodist, EDWIN MARKAM, famed poet-author of *The Man With the Hoe:*

My father, the REV. MARTIN MILLER, member of the California Conference . . . was pastor of the Georgetown and loma Circuit in 1873-1876. I was a y seven years old at the time, but I as present at Markham's first wedding. . It was quite an affair with a great ception afterward. . . . The Church ilding still stands.

CHUCK WHITAKER, a scoutmaster Chillicothe, Ohio, and 15 boys in s troop have special reason now r understanding the labors of Bish- Asbury: They followed the Asury Trail last summer. TOGETHER's ticle said the trail is definitely not r the tenderfoot, Mr. Whitaker cently wrote wryly to JOSEPH D. OWARDS, scout executive of the aniel Boone Council, Boy Scouts of merica. He was referring to *In the nokies—Along the Asbury Trail,* atured in color in August, 1958. he scoutmaster added:

The going was mighty rough due to e thick underbrush, fallen trees, briars, gged rocks, etc. Progress was slow and dious and we were looking pretty beaggled.

Just the same, the youngsters, who oke out of the wilderness several ours later than expected, won Scoutg's Asbury Trail award. And they ought back a thirst for more knowlge of the man Asbury. As Mr. hitaker put it:

We are having some difficulty in finding ooks on Bishop Asbury. Our City Library, r county library, and our two Methodist urches here in Chillicothe do not have y. Could you please send us a list . . . ?

Any helpers?

A historical footnote: A special 11-an editorial board is compiling a olume on the history of American ethodism. Abingdon Press will ublish it, in co-operation with the ssociation of Methodist Historical ocieties and the Council of Bishops. So these are some of the signs at indicate a renewed interest in ethodist Americana throughout the ation. In many areas, church histor- al societies are being reactivated. very day brings new letters, phone alls, or visits from people with in- eresting and significant fragments hich we will pass on to you from nonth to month. Thus, with the help f both professional and amateur istorians, the 175-year history of ethodism in America is being ounded out as never before.

'Devil Anse' (seated) and his fighting Hatfields.

The Day the Hatfields Went to Church

By Dorothy Hamill

ONE MORNING back in the 1880s, as his horse picked its way along a mountain trail near the Kentucky-West Virginia border, a circuit rider suddenly found himself completely surrounded by armed men.

Guns were leveled at him as the leader stepped forward. He was a powerful, deep-chested man with a long, black beard—and he had one question for the astonished minister on whom he fixed an unwavering stare:

"Would you happen to have a chaw on you, suh?"

The preacher was the late Rev. William Isaiah Fogleman, who for 60 years rode mountain fastnesses as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Facing him was William Anderson (Devil Anse) Hatfield, already legendary as head of a clan which for almost half a century would fight a bloody feud with the McCoys across the Tug River in Kentucky. And this meeting (Fogleman *did* happen to have "a chaw" with him) was the beginning of a strange friendship. From that time on Devil Anse, who never left home without his small army, watched for the preacher on his trips into the hills. Always there was chewing tobacco for Anse in the saddlebags of the man of God who traveled the mountain trails.

"Preacher," the Hatfield chieftain once told his friend, "from the time you started up the mountain until you crossed down into the valley, some man here has had his glass fixed on you. And if anyone had ever laid the weight of his hand on you, he'd never see the sun go down." Not much later, to the circuit rider's astonishment, he announced brusquely: "Me and my men would like to hear you preach."

Anse set the date, asking the preacher not to announce when the Hatfields were coming: "We don't want a fight around the church."

On the day of the service, Fogleman told his congregation that some extra worshipers would soon appear and suggested that the men seated in the two back rows move forward. This was done speedily when the Hatfields filed in—and stacked their rifles in a corner. But at no time did the "extra worshipers" cause trouble.

Devil Anse? Well, to tell the truth, he never did become a Methodist. Later in life (he died a natural death in his 80s) he joined a Baptist church.

Those who have studied the region and the family, however, agree that it was the seldom-sung circuit rider who did the toughest spadework—and who at last succeeded in bringing the Hatfield clan into a church, guns and all.

Light Unto My Path

Donald D. Donihue
Windsor, Calif.

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY MINISTERS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

JANUARY 3

"And that repentance and forgiveness of sins should be preached in his name to all nations, beginning from Jerusalem."—Luke 24:47

BEGINNING from Jerusalem!" How important these three words must have been. It was in Jerusalem that Jesus spoke these words to his disciples. He was telling them to begin where they were in proclaiming this Gospel to every nation. You and I are called to witness for what Christ has done in our lives, beginning where we are right now. It's the same Gospel of which he spoke long ago and it can live today only as we let it live where we find ourselves in life. Someone has said, "For success in God's work, begin where you are, use what you have, and go as far as you can."

The story is told of a shoemaker in old Russia. One morning he saw outside his shop the man who swept snow from the streets. He welcomed him in that he might warm himself. Together they talked of the Christian life. Later in the day he looked out the window to see a homeless mother and her small baby without warm clothing. They, too, were welcomed into the shop and cared for as best he could. That night it was with a new warmth and a new light that these words of Christ came home to him: "As you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me."

It was a humble place to begin proclaiming a world-changing Gospel. Still the shoemaker began where he was. He used what he had and he went as far as he could. Let's not wait for the proper time to proclaim Christianity. That time may never come. Let's not wait until the world becomes a better place. It will never get better until we do something about it. Begin the work of Jesus Christ now, in the place where you find yourself today.

Prayer: O God, let thy good news be preached to all the world, and let it begin with me. Amen.

—DONALD D. DONIHUE

JANUARY 10

May the Lord direct your hearts to the love of God and to the steadfastness of Christ.
—II Thessalonians 3:5

WHEN WE ARE motivated by the love of God there is a steadfastness and a perseverance about our lives which would not otherwise be there. Who has not heard the true story of the missionary who labored more than 20 years before winning his first convert? No one can deny that this is steadfastness rooted in a passionate love of God.

This reminds us of how Christ "steadfastly set his face toward Jerusalem." He wasn't going for a holiday or a sight-seeing tour. He was going to accomplish a mission—to bring men to God and God to men. He would accomplish his mission regardless of the cost, and he knew what the price would be. But because he was motivated by the love of God he had the steadfastness of purpose that Paul speaks of.

This prayer of Paul's is the heart and soul of the Christian faith. He prays that hearts will be directed toward "the love of God and . . . the steadfastness of Christ."

In Genesis 49:3-4 we see how Reuben was condemned by his father, Jacob, for being "unstable as water." No question about it, the Christian must have a high degree of steadfastness of purpose. This can be the most certain when one is rooted in the love of God. Nothing can be a more certain harbinger of failure than to be as Reuben, "unstable as water."

Prayer: May the Lord direct your hearts to the love of God and to the steadfastness of Christ. Amen.

—WINSLOW E. BROWN

JANUARY 17

We ourselves . . . who know that a man is not justified by works of the law but through faith in Jesus Christ, even we have believed in Christ Jesus in order to be justified by faith in Christ, and not by works of the law, because by works of the law shall no one be justified.—Galatians 2:15-16

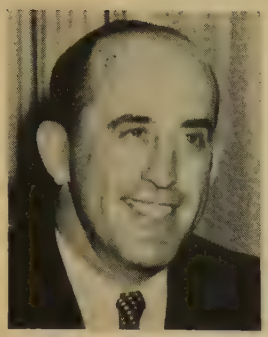
THE EXTREMELY important question Paul faced was, "Can a man save himself by good works, or is salvation the direct gift of God through Jesus Christ?" In a day when many are disposed to think that conscientiously doing one's best is a sufficient basis for their salvation, we need to reconsider Paul's affirmation to the Galatians.

Since early boyhood, Paul had tried to live the righteous life. But there came a time when he fell out of a right relationship to God through his defiance of the law. From that moment on, all his efforts to get right with God were thwarted by his own weak, sinful human nature. Eventually he had to admit that he was spiritually bankrupt and throw himself upon the mercy of God.

The moment he did that, a marvelous thing happened. God not only acquitted him but accepted him as a son. Thus it was out of his own personal experience, and his observation of the same failure in the lives of others, that he concluded "a man is not justified" or set right with God by works. Credit for the good life is not the basis for a right relationship with God.

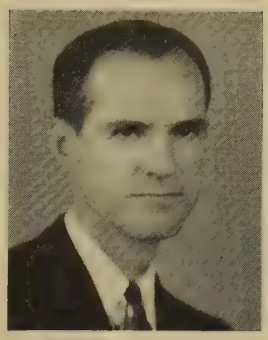
Paul then proceeds to his main point. In a positive way he proclaims that a man is saved by faith in Jesus Christ. His emphasis is upon Christ. And rightly so. The Christian faith proceeds upon the proposition that God is what Jesus was. So when we think of how Jesus spoke of God, prayed to God, helped men to believe in the God he believed in, and

nslow E. Brown
rt Sill, Okla.



Carl F. Lueg
Lake Charles, La.

Wayne S. Madden
Perrin AFB, Tex.



James Clair Jarvis
Wheeling, W.Va.

w his presence made men see hat God was really like, our deep- t instincts tell us that in Jesus we e the truth about God.

Such a faith, then, becomes trust. is trust inevitably leads us to a roic and personal surrender to sus Christ.

Not by works, but by faith in the nd of God Jesus came to reveal, e we saved.

ayer: Our father, we thank thee the wonderful gift of thy love in sus Christ, who makes it possible us to know thee; whom to know to trust, to trust is to love, and to e is to serve. Amen.

—CARL F. LUEG

NUARY 24

And they said, "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved, you and your household."—Acts 16:31

NE DAY a member of a church called the pastor to the hospi- . "It's my wife," he said, "and it as all so sudden. They brought her re and the doctor has told me that s touch and go. If she doesn't pull rough, I don't think I can take it. there any help I can get from my ligion at a time like this?"

Does our religion really offer help such a time? The question each us must ask actually is, "Do I ve enough faith in God to support y life in the midst of trying experi- ces?"

In the story of the miraculous re- ase of Paul and Silas from the man prison in Macedonia, we see e figure of a terrified jailer who ced such a predicament. Here was man frightened because of the rthquake and the punishment he pected for permitting his prisoners escape. It is no wonder that he ked the question, "What must I to be saved?"

This is one of the most profound estions being asked by men and omen today. Though not in the same words, many are raising this question as they seek their way through the complicated problems of life. They are afraid; they do not understand life's basic realities.

Paul and Silas were different from the jailer because they never lost their faith despite their unjust treatment. They faced their confinement with confidence and praised God with prayer and hymns. This assurance enabled them to rise above any situation. Their answer to the jailer's question was simple: "Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved."

This is the only answer to the question of salvation. Whether it is a critical case in the hospital or a frightening experience in a Roman prison, when we believe in the Lord Jesus, we are ready and willing to trust our lives to him.

Prayer: Our heavenly father, preserve us from faithless fears and worldly anxieties. Help us to be willing in all things to do thy holy will. In Christ's name. Amen.

—WAYNE S. MADDEN

JANUARY 31

For you know how, like a father with his children, we exhorted each one of you and encouraged you and charged you to lead a life worthy of God, who calls you into his own kingdom and glory.—I Thessalonians 2:11-12

TEARS FILLED her eyes when she said, "Pastor, I have the feeling that my life has been completely wasted. I'm not worthy to be called a Christian and to belong to the church."

When people reach the sunset years of life it is not unusual for them to take a spiritual inventory and conclude that life has fallen short of their dreams. It is evidence of spiritual health and Christian humility for a person to feel unworthy, because all of us fail to reach the perfection attained by the Christ of our faith.

In the first letter to the Thessalonians Paul pointed to the highest possible level life can attain. Said he, it is "to lead a life worthy of God, who calls you into his own kingdom and glory."

"To lead a life worthy of God" means living at a level beyond the limit possible for those who do not walk with Christ. Fellowship with Christ adds a quality to life which is beyond the reach of those unacquainted with him. Such qualities as love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control bespeak the life worthy of God. The issues of today cry out for a renewed emphasis on the fact that Christians are required to be different. The quality of life in the world can be improved only by those who will dare to be Christlike.

"To lead a life worthy of God" means living with a sense of mission. The biblical truth that every soul is created for a divine purpose needs new vitality. Not every life will measure up to the standards of success established by the world, but every soul which fulfills the mission for which God created it can be declared victorious.

"To lead a life worthy of God" means walking in fellowship with him. When this is our daily practice, all the pieces of life will fit together in their proper places and bring us into the knowledge and wisdom of a life fulfilled. God calls us "into his own kingdom and glory," says the apostle, but we can arrive there only when we walk in fellowship with him. Certainly, life can have no higher goal for any man or woman than to be "worthy of God."

Prayer: Because of thy love for us, our Father, the way to a worthy life has been provided. Give us eyes to see the way and courage to walk therein. Amen.

—JAMES CLAIR JARVIS

"Aunt Ida," she's called by the staff and students at Vellore. Here they honor her on her 87th birthday.

Barnabas

Looks at New Books

MADAME PANDIT, the sister of India's Prime Minister Nehru, was in Chicago recently and at a luncheon she voiced appreciation of mission hospitals. Asia's largest is a vast medical center at Vellore in southern India, which is supported by 40 Protestant denominations.

It was started by a woman who, at 90, is still its heart—Dr. Ida Scudder. Today she's venerated by Indians as one of those great souls who bring blessings to all who behold them. But when she was a girl—and an exceptionally beautiful one—the last thing she planned to do was to follow in her missionary parents' footsteps. Her story is told in DR. IDA (McGraw-Hill, $5.95) by **Dorothy Clarke Wilson**. The narrative is somewhat effusive but the metamorphosis of a frivolous girl into a great medical missionary is fascinating. And Mrs. Wilson never loses sight of Ida Scudder, the woman as she presents Dr. Scudder, the outstanding gynecological surgeon.

Mrs. Wilson has written a number of successful biblical novels. TOGETHER readers may remember her discussion of *Moses and Nefretiri, Did They Really Have a Romance?* [May, 1957, page 17]. In private life, she's the wife of District Superintendent Elwin L. Wilson of Bangor, Maine. She became interested in doing a biography of Dr. Scudder in 1949, when the Board of Missions sent her to India to gather material for a novel on missions. In 1957 she returned to Vellore to gather her material firsthand.

SEX AND LOVE IN THE BIBLE (Association Press, $6.50) is not a biblical Kinsey report, so don't look for sensationalism. It's a realistic and sound description of what the Bible says about human and divine love; sex attitudes and practices; premarital sex relations; sex in marriage; prostitution, adultery, and divorce, and homosexuality and other sexual deviations.

The author is **William Graham Cole,** dean of freshmen and professor of religion at Williams College. He believes that the church and society must approach sexual matters from a positive viewpoint, with emphasis on inner motivation. And he relates what the Bible says to modern times.

A book containing plenty of food for thought is THE EAVESDROPPERS (Rutgers, $6.50), a carefully documented study of wiretapping, bugging, and assorted spying practices in this country. Sponsored by the Pennsylvania Bar Association Endowment on a grant from the Fund for the Republic, this meticulous investigation brings out some disturbing facts, among them:

1—Spying on employees is widespread in American business by means of tapping phones, putting concealed microphones in rest rooms, and similar "plants."

2—Unions and big business commonly "eavesdrop" on each other.

3—So far as legal restrictions go, all is chaos. States differ from each other, the federal government from all of them. Adding to the confusion, whatever laws are passed are commonly ignored by police, private detectives, and everyday snoopers.

The authors are experts in their

lds: **Samuel Dash,** former district torney; **Dr. Richard F. Schwartz,** electronics engineer, and **Robert . Knowlton,** law-school professor. hey are doing valuable pioneering in field vital to Americans' liberties.

I've spent several evenings poring er the first volume of the International Edition of VIEWS OF THE BIBLICAL WORLD (Arco Publishing Co., 5). An impressive list of Jewish holars, under the chairmanship of rof. Benjamin Mazar, is attempting illustrate biblical life in all phases. nd Volume I, edited and printed in rael, is a remarkable pictorial comentary on the first five books of the ld Testament. Illustrations are so isely chosen and so beautifully preented that the most tattered scroll kes on life and immediacy.
There are three more volumes to me.

Many words have been written about anklin D. Roosevelt. To some he as almost a messiah, to others a deroyer of the American way. Now mes a book from one whose views e understandably favorable—his eldest n, **James Roosevelt.**
In AFFECTIONATELY, F.D.R. (Harurt, Brace Co., $5.75), young Roosevelt shares family stories, letters, and side accounts of political events. The ok reads with the ease of a novel—D.R.'s son relied on an old hand, **dney Shallett,** as collaborator. He akes no attempt to explain away the ildren's divorces, but indicates that rough them all "Pa" suffered with s offspring. Indeed, the central eme appears to be a son's sensiity to the difficulty this great leader d in communicating with his family.

Two of Broadway's leading lights ave given us the story of the American eater as they have seen it over the st few decades.
Elmer Rice, playwright, director, oducer, sums up his knowledge in HE LIVING THEATRE (Harper, $5.50). ere is a personal and highly informed mmentary on theatrical lore.
Moss Hart, alone, and with George Kaufman, has written some of the ost successful plays of the last 25 ars. Aided by Irving Berlin, Cole orter, Kurt Weill, and Ira Gershwin, e also has given us some of our most emorable musicals. ACT ONE (Random House, $5) is his story up to the it, *Once in a Lifetime.* It's a book I und absorbing and warmly human; nances are, you will, too.

With the world shrinking to a maller and smaller community in ace, religious-minded people—and any who never before considered emselves in that category—are feel-

Spotlights on the Dark Continent

Interested in a self-directed reading tour through Africa? That vast continent is the focus of world attention. These books deal with various areas.

Africa Disturbed, by ***Emory and Myrta Ross*** (*Friendship Press, $3.50 cloth, $1.95 paper*)—A unique interview and analysis report by former missionaries who know and love Africa.

Man Hunt in Kenya (*Doubleday, $3.95*)—Nairobi Police Superintendent ***Ian Henderson*** collaborates with ***Philip Goodhart*** to describe the pursuit of Mau Mau terrorists.

The Holy Sword, by ***Robert Payne*** (*Harper, $6*)—A vivid introduction to the Arab empire that stretches in a wide band across North Africa and on to the Philippines.

The Way in Africa, by ***George Wayland Carpenter*** (*Friendship Press, $2.95*)—African civilization from its historic roots to present-day problems, with stress on missions.

She Had a Magic, by ***Brian O'Brien*** (*Dutton, $4*)—The hair-raising biography of wee Scottish missionary Mary Slessor, who helped open up West Africa to trade and civilization.

Hope for South Africa (*Praeger, $2.50*)—South African novelist ***Alan Paton*** sets forth his belief that racial tensions can be overcome with a measure of good will.

Algeria in Turmoil by ***Michael K. Clark*** (*Praeger, $6*)—The story of the Algerian rebellion, from the closing months of World War II to the spring of 1958.

People with ulcers

. . . don't go to bed on an empty stomach

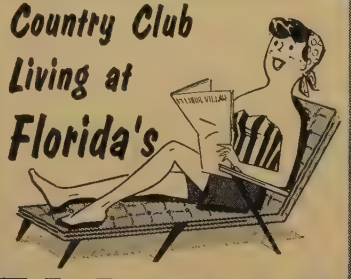
If you have an ulcer, probably your doctor has advised a bedtime snack as part of your program of frequent eating.

But *what* to eat is a problem. Your condition limits your choice of foods. Also, if you have been on a high milk-and-cream diet, it may be important to find foods that add to your pleasure, but not to your weight.

That's why so many doctors suggest sweet tasting, but low-calorie, D-Zerta® Pudding for people with ulcers. When made with whole milk, it's another way to get some of the milk benefits you need. Yet D-Zerta Pudding is made entirely without sugar and one serving has only 94 calories. D-Zerta Pudding comes in three smooth and satisfying flavors. Enjoy it at mealtime, bedtime —as often as you like.

Ask your doctor about D-Zerta Pudding . . . and D-Zerta Gelatin, too. He'll recommend them. D-Zerta is made by General Foods, the makers of Jell-O® Desserts. It's available at grocery stores.

Country Club Living at Florida's



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ing an urgent need to know more about each other's faiths.

The lay reader will find a compact survey in MAJOR RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD (Abingdon, $1) by **Marcus Bach.** An authority in the field of comparative religions, Dr. Bach looks at Hinduism, Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Judaism, Confucianism and Taoism, Shinto, Islam, and Christianity—first through the eyes of a believer and then as an impartial observer.

His approach is particularly valuable because he puts the stress on parallels rather than differences. The result is an unusually sensitive and informative account.

At his telecast of the Sugar Bowl game in New Orleans in 1956, **Bill Stern,** for years at the top of the heap as a sports announcer, fell apart—so completely that embarrassed network officials cut him off the air. For Stern, it was apparently the end of a long road. His 16 years of secret narcotics addiction had caught up with him.

Now, with the help of UPI sports writer **Oscar Fraley,** Stern tells his story in THE TASTE OF ASHES (Holt, $3.95). And a biting, tragic yarn it is. Stern shoulders his full load of blame for the heartbreak he caused his family. But he points an accusing finger, too, at the doctors who knowingly plied him with morphine—in all the years he was an addict he never bought a grain of dope illegally, never gave himself an injection. On the medical side, it's a shocking indictment of one segment of the profession. On the human side, it's a stark confession by a man who came within a hairsbreadth of insanity or suicide but, aided by a devoted wife, fought his way back from a literal hell on earth.

And for Christians, there's a thought-provoking disclosure. Part of the tensions which drove this talented man to dope stemmed, he learned much later, from his rejection as a Jew by bigoted men and women who call themselves followers of the Master.

George Paloczi-Horvath's autobiography, THE UNDEFEATED (Little Brown, $4.50), is a reflection of the difficulty in which 20th-century European intellectuals have found themselves. In Hungary, their reaction to the conservatism of the old aristocracy and the brutal Nazi movement that followed drew them irresistibly to the left.

Paloczi-Horvath was one of those who became a Communist. For him, the honeymoon lasted two years. Stalin then decided that the Hungarian intellectuals were too dangerous and had many of them imprisoned. Accused as a British spy, Paloczi-Horvath underwent the whole routine—the forged confessions, the cynical torture, the trumped-up charges.

When liberated in 1955, he knew the Communists for what they were and took a major part in the Hungarian revolt. After that heroic movement was crushed by Russian tanks, he escaped with his wife and child to the free world.

The restraint and intelligence with which he tells his story won his book the Atlantic Non-Fiction award.

"It'll never work," any marriage counselor probably would have warned them if Harriett and **John D. Weaver** had asked for advice before they took the plunge. Thrifty, efficient, and an only child, Harriett comes from a family as conventional as John's is freewheeling.

But readers of AS I LIVE AND BREATHE (Rinehart, $3.95) will be grateful that the Weavers sought no counsel. This is John's hilarious account of their extraordinarily happy marriage. One word of warning, though—the people in it appreciate all forms of alcoholic beverages.

Impossible in victory and glorious in defeat, a small Syrian golden hamster named Max has captured the hearts of such diverse people as Eleanor Roosevelt, *Peanuts* creator Charles Schulz, educator Robert Hutchins, and comedian Jerry Lewis. Created by a young Italian cartoonist, **Giovannetti,** Max makes his third American appearance in NOTHING BUT MAX (Macmillan, $3.50), a delightful book which undoubtedly will win him still more admirers. There is tenderness and joy in his heroic follies and inevitable downfalls.

In contrast, the drawings of another European, Austrian **Paul Flora,** speak in satire as sharp as the pencil lines that form them. Fans of Charles Addams and Virgil Partch will like FLORA'S FAUNA (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95), but others will find these cartoons more devastating than humorous.

If some young preacher has bothered you with references to "being and non-being," now is your chance to become acquainted with some of this "new language" that **Paul Tillich** has introduced into modern Protestant thought.

Tillich is the theologian who left Germany when Hitler began his rise and found his way to Harvard. What he says really isn't new; it's the way he says it. He takes the language of Greek philosophy and uses it to speak of man's condition and God's answers as provided in the Christian faith.

His THE COURAGE TO BE (Yale Uni. Press, 95¢), originally published in 1952, now is a paperback. If you can master some of the key words—and it's

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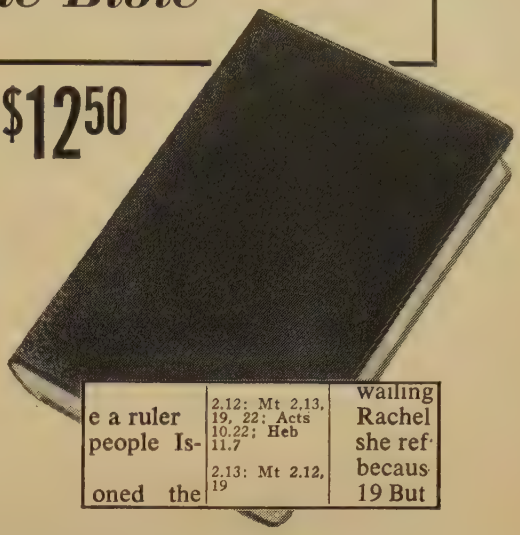

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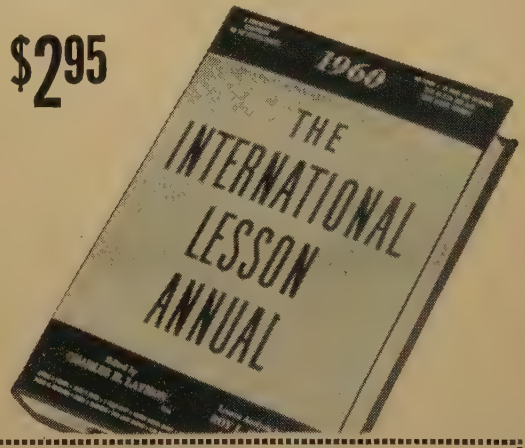

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The Rock of Salvation

By
Doron K. Antrim

NEAR the village of Blagdon in southwestern England a range of hills is cut by valleys and gorges, exposing massive formations of limestone rock. For two years in the 1760s, the Rev. Augustus M. Toplady served as curate of the Blagdon parish. No doubt he pondered many times the seeming changelessness of the craggy rock formations. Surely, here was an apt illustration of why Old Testament writers referred to God almost 40 times as "a rock."

More than 10 years after Toplady had left Blagdon to serve churches elsewhere in England, an article appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* signed "Minimus," one of several pen names he used. It closed with this four-line poem:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

By March, 1776, Toplady had become editor of the magazine and, in a subsequent article, published an elaboration on the simple quatrain. The new poem had four verses of six lines each. The first verse read:

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the Water and the Blood,
From thy riven Side which flow'd,
Be of Sin the double Cure,
Cleanse me from its Guilt and Power.

Around 1850 a tradition grew up that this famous hymn was written while Toplady lived at Blagdon. However, this account, which even had the curate penning the verse while sheltered from a thunderstorm in a cave near the village, is generally regarded today as mere romanticized legend. But the truth or falsity of the story can never detract in any way from the great hymn's beauty.

Central in its message is the proclamation of atonement: Salvation is possible for anyone through Christ's suffering and death; and death is merely the beginning of a more glorious life.

Through alterations by several editors, two of Toplady's original four verses were combined and other words were changed. But the poet's imagery, portraying God as a rock, a secure haven for storm-tossed humanity, has lived to capture the imagination of Christians around the world. The recognized Methodist version was first published in the 1830 supplement to *The Wesleyan Hymn-Book* and is familiar to worshipers today as No. 204 in *The Methodist Hymnal.*

Certainly the best of the many hymns which Toplady wrote, *Rock of Ages* has been a favorite of many well-known historical figures. Oliver Wendell Holmes praised its power and solemnity, saying it impressed him much more than did any other hymn.

Prince Albert, consort to Queen Victoria, repeated portions of it during his last illness. It was sung at the funeral of British Prime Minister William Gladstone in Westminster Abbey. And the eminent hymnologist, John Julian, said of it: "No other English hymn has laid so broad and firm a grasp upon the English-speaking world."

The music now used for *Rock of Ages* was composed in 1830 by Thomas Hastings, an early leader of church music in America. Hastings wrote at least 600 hymns and more than 1,000 hymn tunes, many well known in the 19th century. Only a handful remain in use today. But despite the passing of most of his work, Hastings seems destined to be long remembered—for his most important melody, the setting for *Rock of Ages.*

like learning a new language then this book will help you to know Tillich.

The careers of the four Harper brothers—James, John, Joseph Wesley, and Fletcher—read like a Horatio Alger story. Sons of a farmer who lived on the outskirts of the village of Brooklyn, their schooling was limited. James, the eldest, fared forth at 16, apprenticed himself to a printer in New York, worked hard, and lived with such strict Methodist frugality that at 22 he had saved enough money to set up a little printing shop with 20-year-old John. Later, the two younger brothers joined the firm and in 1850 Harper & Brothers founded *Harper's Magazine.* GENTLEMEN, SCHOLARS AND SCOUNDRELS (Harper, $7.50) is a collection of the best nonfiction, poetry, and fiction that has appeared in that magazine. Editor **Horace Knowles** was governed by only two criteria—surpassing interest for today's readers and literary excellence. His choices speak eloquently of the stature *Harper's* has attained.

Two financial experts have achieved something that's a rarity for specialists—a refreshing, provocative book for nonexperts. They are **Thomas E.** and **David L. Babson;** the book is INVESTING FOR A SUCCESSFUL FUTURE (Macmillan, $4.95).

It explains little-understood problems of financial planning and discusses ways a young couple can accumulate capital for an independent old age.

In 1949, the eyes of most of the world were focused on a courtroom in New York City. There, 11 top Communists were on trial for conspiring to overthrow the U.S. government by force and violence. And there, as week followed week, a patient federal judge held firm as the Reds and their sympathizers tried every conceivable trick to break up the proceedings. At stake, basically, was the question of whether U.S. justice was equal to the task of giving such men a fair trial in the face of unprecedented harassment.

Harold R. Medina is the judge who proved it was. And now he has written a book, THE ANATOMY OF FREEDOM (Holt, $3.50), which sets forth his underlying beliefs. Throughout, his abiding faith is displayed in countless ways. Especially significant, perhaps, is this revealing section from a day when the Reds' badgering was at its height and Judge Medina nearly collapsed on the bench. As the Communists sneered, he called a brief recess and retired to his chambers.

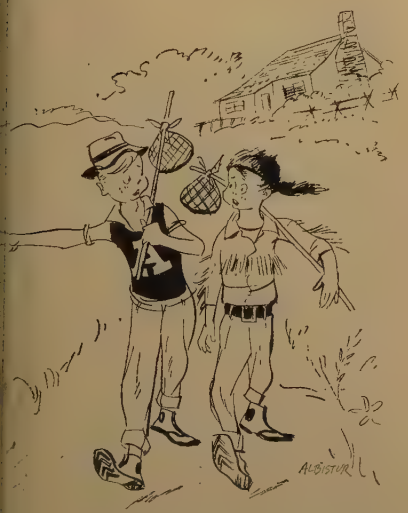
"When I went out to that little room behind the courtroom," he writes, "I

nestly didn't think I was ever going
ck. I felt terrible. I lay down on that
le couch and I did some tall pray-
g. . . . Well, I didn't have any
itation or feel any thrill go through
as though the Spirit was within me,
pretty soon I felt refreshed and
ong enough to go back. And I did
back, and I went on to the end of
t trial."

t's refreshing to meet a man whose
th can withstand the worst the
mmunists can throw at him. Judge
dina is such a man.

The trick in low-cost travel, I should
ess, is to write a book about the
ntry you've visited. If the book
s enough copies, your royalties
ght to repay your traveling expenses.
d if it sells still more, you may even
d in the higher tax brackets.
George Mikes should be well ahead
the game with his How to Be a
ell Guy (Doubleday, $2), for this
nder volume will appeal to thou-
ds of us Americans, at whom he
es gentle fun. A Hungarian-born
tish subject, Mr. Mikes is impressed
h our gadgets, depressed by our
io-TV commercials, and suppressed
some of our zany customs.
Among new push-button machines
under construction, he reports
ly, are those on which: you push
button and fall in love; you pull
handle and get married; you pull
wire and get divorced, and you turn
knob and consider you have had a
h.
This is the sort of book with which
chase away the blues for a frothy
ir. Then pass it along to some
viceman overseas.

Eugenia Price has a pertinent mes-
e for all women and she puts it in
in talk in Woman to Woman,
ondervan, $2.95). Miss Price lets
hair down in a manner which



*Let's stay on the main highways or
ey may not be able to find us."*

makes compelling reading as she discusses the difference Christ makes in your life.

She breaks this down to include the difference in your disposition, work, appearance, marriage, friendships, children, rebellions, spiritual life, and even in facing death.

Doing research for a book on another subject, **Wyatt Blassingame** found an item in a 100-year-old Tampa newspaper that followed a list of towns and dates with the statement: "I will attend the above appointments unless prevented by Indians or some other unforeseen cause." It was signed by a Methodist circuit rider, the Rev. George W. Pratt.

That started Blassingame thinking about pioneer preachers—and the result is They Rode the Frontier (Watts, $2.95), an absorbing book for young people. It's the saga of Methodists Peter Cartwright, William Taylor, and John Stewart, Catholics Marquette and Junipero Serra, Episcopal preacher Henry Whipple, Jewish rabbi Isaac Mayer Wise, and Congregational minister Samuel Mills.

When Cameron Townsend went to Guatemala in 1917 as a colporteur it was the first step toward an organization which today has almost worldwide influence—the Wycliffe Bible Translators. Their story is told in Two Thousand Tongues To Go (Harper, $3.95) by **Ethel W. Wallis** and **Mary A. Bennett.**

Townsend now heads a land-water-air force of 875 missionaries who go to jungle tribes that have no written language. Patiently they learn tribal speech, devise a written form, and teach it back to the natives along with the Word of God. Offering no denominational claims, no "Americanized" culture, this dedicated group is invited and honored by grateful governments.

A 32-page booklet by **Carl J. Sanders,** superintendent of the Richmond district of the Virginia Conference, sets forth ways man may find healing through God. It's Finding God Through Healing (Upper Room, 15¢), and well worth the reading.

"Live your life so that whenever you lose, you're ahead," cowboy comedian-philosopher Will Rogers once advised. Ever since I ran onto that quote in The Treasury of Inspirational Anecdotes, Quotations and Illustrations (Revell, $3.95) I've been scratching my head trying to figure out how Will dashed off so many pithy bits of homely wisdom.

That gives you an idea of the imagination-catching quality of this new collection of illustrations for speakers and writers compiled by **E. Paul**

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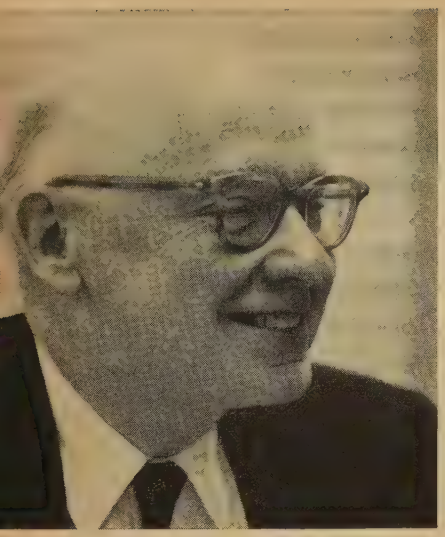


Dr. Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church

Is there more than one set of commandments?

Yes, the Bible has two—Exodus 20:1-17 and Deuteronomy 5:6-21. They are almost identical, but there are some differences in the statements. For example, instead of "remember" in the commandment about the Sabbath, Deuteronomy has "keep" in the King James translation and adds, "as the Lord thy God hath commanded thee." In the Revised Standard Version, "observe" is the key word, with the thought, "as the Lord your God commanded you." Such differences are small.

The Interpreter's Bible and other authorities point out that the most important change is in Deuteronomy's reference to what the Lord did for the Children of Israel in rescuing them from bondage in Egypt. In Exodus, on the other hand, the reason for keeping the Sabbath is drawn from Genesis 2:1-3, which reveals how God rested on the seventh day after creating the world in six. This was his example.

How do Protestants differ from Catholics on divorce?

The difference hinges on the interpretation of Scripture, especially Matthew 19:9, which says that anyone who divorces his wife "except for unchastity," and marries another commits adultery. Mark and Luke make it stronger.

Catholicism, making marriage one of its sacraments, insists on this strict interpretation. Once a couple is married by that church, the marriage is permanent, although the church permits separation if peace between the partners becomes impossible. But there is no second chance.

Protestant views differ, but all speak out against undue emphasis on one scriptural statement, when the whole attitude of the New Testament on the sacredness and sanctity of personality teaches otherwise. The Protestant position, generally, is that while divorce is always tragic, there is no justice in punishing the innocent party in a broken and hostile and hopeless union.

Is the Bible the Word of God?

Not in the sense that every last syllable was dictated by the Almighty. Although fundamentalism in our day has tended to that belief, it is not found in such reformers as Luther and Calvin. They did not regard the flat page of print as the living Word of God, but contended that the Bible becomes God's Word when its contents are illumined by the Holy Spirit working on the heart and mind of the believer.

The words and sentences of the Bible may be dull history or stirring oratory, uninspiring poetry or comforting words of assurance. And every word is hardly of equal value for every Christian at every hour of every day. Even a devout Christian may read carefully and prayerfully for hours—and then suddenly the words that had been mere words before jump out with startling and blessed meaning.

The Bible has then become for him the Word of God.

Dr. Nall, a graduate of Garrett Biblical Institute, is the author of several books, the latest of which is *The Bible When You Need It Most* [Association Press, 50¢]. As an experienced minister and journalist, he possesses the background for answering your questions about your church and your faith.

trigued by the number of Methodis bishops, preachers, leaders, and publica tions whose gems of wit and wisdom appear in its pages—particularly since Paul Hovey happens to be a Presby terian minister.

If you're planning on making a speech, writing an article, or just im proving your conversational sparkle I suggest you take a look.

One of the masters of Irish tales has brought together representative works from most Irish writers of note from the 8th century to the contem porary school and they're all in A Book of Ireland, edited by **Frank O'Connor** (William Collins Sons $2). Additional anonymous pieces and little-known translations make this book a good cross section of Irish writ ing. Fifty-two photographs of Ire land's countryside, seacoast, and vil lage life augment it.

Richard Armour's light verse has been responsible for many a chuckle among Together's readers—in fact, you'll find one of his poems on the next page.

You may not know, however, that this tongue-in-cheek poet is an English professor at two California colleges

Delivering was one of Armour's jobs.

and has written scholarly books of biography and literary criticism. And he has penned such best-selling satires as *It All Started With Columbus* and *Twisted Tales From Shakespeare.*

Now he surprises us with still another facet of his literary talent. Drug Store Days (McGraw-Hill, $3.50) is his recollection of his boyhood in Pomona, Calif. It's full of humor—and humanity.

Whoever has pondered the mystery of Christian rebirth will find an illuminating examination in Conversion by **E. Stanley Jones** (Abingdon, $3.25 cloth, $1.95 paper). Never forgetting the space-age background against which he writes, the world-beloved missionary

rites of the wonders Christian conersion has brought to ministers, murderers, actors, Moslems, 80-year-ds, eight-year-olds, millionaires, begars, intellectuals, missionaries, and any others the world over.

Lucky is the family that finds THE AMILY READER OF AMERICAN MASTERECES (Crowell, $5.95) under its hristmas tree. This is a compilation **Ralph L. Woods,** who earns his ving writing magazine articles. Here has selected writing that retains its tality, whether written yesterday or 0 years ago. For a sample of his own riting, see p. 24 of this issue.

Our son Tommy's ninth birthday rty last year left his mother and me mpletely worn out. Consequently, it as heartening to me to note in THE ESELL INSTITUTE PARTY BOOK (Har-r, $2.95) that 10-year-olds are easy to tertain. Ten is, in fact, referred to a "golden age."

It's true that Tommy seems to be a ore responsive member of society ese days, so I'm surely not going to gue with such experts as **Frances L. g,** M.D.; **Louise Bates Ames,** h.D.; **Evelyn W. Goodenough,** h.D.; and **Irene B. Andresen,** M.A., ho are the authors. I'm just going to grateful and not look at the pitfalls at are probably lying in wait as we lp our son celebrate his 12th, 13th, d 14th birthdays. That's as far as the ok covers.

Mrs. Barnabas is a natural cook and seldom catch her using a recipe. I ed to wonder why she had such a ng shelf of cookbooks in the kitchen. They give me ideas," she explained. The other day I found her deep in new one—THE GENERAL FOODS ITCHENS COOKBOOK (Random House, .95), by the women of **General oods Kitchens.** She says it's particurly good for getting ideas because it's ganized by situations rather than by pes of foods. I'll take her word for because I know there's a yule-log ke in the kitchen—and she says the cipe came out of the book.

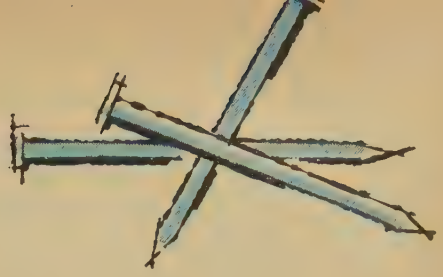
—BARNABAS

How About It?

hose how-to books that tax my mind,
That make me wrinkle up my brow, too,
ll fail to tell me how to find
The time to do what I've learned how to.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

A Lesson in Words



AS A BOY in Kalamazoo, Mich., I went to Sunday school in the old First Methodist Church. There were 10 in my class—young hellions, some said, although we really weren't any worse than other boys our age.

We were at that stage when boys like to try bad words—a few verging on profanity, but most just cross and ugly. These thoughtless outbursts were beginning to cause dissension in our class. But we were lucky. Our teacher recognized this. And she corrected us with a lesson that permanently impressed on us the power of words for good or evil.

Millie K. Upjohn was the teacher's name. She was the widow of Dr. Henry U. Upjohn, cofounder of the pharmaceutical company.

I'll never forget the Sunday she came to class carrying that mysterious bundle which was to prove so important in our lives. Temptingly, she set it aside until the close of the lesson. Then she unwrapped what I still remember as the most beautiful piece of wood I've ever seen—planed, sanded, and polished to bring out every contour of the handsome grain.

Mrs. Upjohn led us into the chapel and rested the board on the ledge of a blackboard, where she'd already placed a claw hammer and an assortment of nails. Painstakingly, she arranged the display.

"You remember," she began, "how many times Jesus tells us of the importance of words—how we should never speak idle words or those that might hurt someone. Many great men have cautioned us not to say things we'll be sorry for afterward."

She held up the board. "Here we have a beautiful, unmarked piece of wood. Think of it as someone you love—your mother or father, or brother or sister. Then imagine that this hammer is your voice and those nails are cruel, thoughtless words you might speak. Here on the ledge they're harmless, but if they're driven into the wood they'll damage it."

She paused, watching us as our suspense mounted.

"Now," she said, "this week I want each of you to remember all the words you use that are not kind, good, or pleasant. Then, sometime during the week, come here to the chapel and for every word you've spoken that you're sorry for, take the hammer and drive one of these nails into the board. The chapel is always open, so no one need know you were here. And next Sunday we'll look at the board again."

The following Sunday the board was almost completely covered with driven nails, symbols of a week's careless talk. Mrs. Upjohn held it before us.

"Not a pretty sight, is it?" she asked. Her expression was sad, but she brightened when she saw the shame on every face before her. "But don't feel badly about it. I have another plan for next week."

Beginning Monday, she went on, the board and hammer would be back on the ledge, and again we were to keep track of our words—our *good* words, this time. For every kind, helpful word we used, we were permitted to pull a nail from the marred board.

Once more a week passed. Again on Sunday morning Mrs. Upjohn held up the board. Every disfiguring nail had been removed!

"I'm happy to see you've each said a good word to offset the bad ones," she told us. "You've done as much as you could to right the wrongs." She stood, silently holding the board in the crook of one arm and passing a hand across the rough, scarred surface. There was a faint poignancy in her voice as she looked pointedly at the holes and murmured, "Yes, you did as much as you could do."

And then the quiet was broken by a shout from one of the boys.

"I see," he called out. "Those holes are still there! Like scars from bad words! I wish I never had said those words in the first place!"

That was 50 years ago. Half a century has slipped by since that day. Yet often, when I think back on it, I feel tears welling up in my eyes. No doubt about it, Mrs. Upjohn made a lasting impact on us.

—MILO O. BENNETT

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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA, THE METHODIST CHURCH

A MAN ought not to complain if he finds a great book only a few times a year. There are not too many great things of any kind, and we are encouraged through the wastelands of mediocrity and shabbiness by memories and expectations. For me it has been a rather long spell of drought and I am happy to report that at last the rains have come. Once again I am refreshed and hopeful because of:

THE THIRTEENTH APOSTLE, by Eugene Vale *(Scribner, $4.50).*

This is a tremendous novel and one of the few works of fiction I expect to read more than once. It is not noteworthy because of its plot, which is simply a framework constructed to help the author spread out his message. But that message is so profound and so prophetic for this age that it could almost stand alone and be exciting.

The Thirteenth Apostle is "he who is called but not chosen" and in this book his name is John Webb. After having compromised his youthful ideals, Webb ends up as a consul in Central America. There he meets a painter named Crispian who irritates and fascinates him. The painter is the incarnation of man following the path of truth and reality. He disappears and Webb follows his footsteps on a journey that leads him through his own pretenses and inner defeats to God. He is guided on his journey by a simple priest who is sheer goodness.

Turn off the TV and read this book. It will be like going from Mickey Cohen to Albert Schweitzer.

THE LITTLE DIFFERENCE, by P. B. Abercrombie *(Doubleday, $3.50).*

This book is the mystery of the year. Why was it ever published? If someone would give me an answer, I'd have it framed and hang it in the attic. I hold this up as a symbol of what is wrong with American publishing.

So far as I could see, the book contains nothing humorous, the writing is ordinary, and the conclusion is meaningless. If there is one single idea worthy of even a moron's consideration for 10 seconds, I cannot recall it Doubleday ought to be ashamed.

Well, what is it all about? It tells about an attractive young woman who teaches in a private girl's school in between affairs with a neighboring young man and a married editor.

This is the kind of portrayal of our contemporary life which scares me half to death. For this means our ultimate defeat and the destruction of a society that has lost all sense of purpose or direction. *The Little Difference* puts sex on the level of rabbits. It makes teaching a profession without any importance. It turns human life into something so cheap and trivial that one wants to ask God to ring down the curtain.

CONFETTI FOR GINO, by Lorenzo Madalena *(Doubleday, $3.95).*

There is a well-established literary tradition which takes delight in contrasting the Northern, Puritan, Protestant tradition with the easygoing, happy, Catholic, Southern, amoral way of life. There is always a priest who is a nice fellow and a lot of humble folks with hearts of gold. They sin, but they do not really mean it. And in the end all turns out very well indeed. Even the prostitutes are psychologists and counselors in disguise, and the only bad people are the respectable citizens who pay their taxes and lack any appreciation for the bums.

This book is in that general stream and tells about some San Diego Italians and their troubles. They are fishermen and between trips they have quite a time. They get drunk and their girls are not prudes, but it is all innocent, as I am sure you will understand.

The author has found the formula, all right, but he cannot make it fresh. It is the same tired endeavor, which never quite attains reality. Steinbeck can apply his magic touch to a plot like this and make it readable. Perhaps this author will learn if he keeps at it. In the meantime, leave the TV on.

Name Your Hobby

Here's your chance to swap hobby notes —just for the cost of a postage stamp! And be sure not to miss this month's Hobby Alley feature, beginning on page 76.

iH TRAYS: Mrs. Tina Rodrigues, 68 Powha- St., Oakland Beach, Warwick, R.I.

TRONOMY: Cathleen Love, 3202 Crane Creek ., Boise, Idaho.

JTOGRAPHS: William J. Chanclor, Box 39, ite Oak, Ga., Martha Ritterspach, 1445 Bellaire , Denver 20, Colo. (of people with first name rtha).

OKMARKS: Marva Jo Faling, 2835 Prairie ., Lincoln 6, Nebr.

TTER PATS: Louceille M. Ricca, 4249 E. xas Circle, Tucson, Ariz.

IESS BY MAIL: Phil Kemmerly, 1154 S. Arthur, Dorado, Tex.

IURCH BULLETINS: John Thompson, R. 1, ttsburg, Pa.; Rev. Floyd Newbrough, Kellogg, va; Rev. Roberto Escamilla, 2105 Buena Vista, Antonio 7, Tex.; Mrs. L. S. Johnston, 2705 er Dr., Thunderbolt, Ga.; Mrs. V. J. Martorella, ace Methodist Church, Riverside, Calif.; Mrs. illiam C. Liddle, Box 202, Pulaski, Pa.; Julia ite, 1157 E. 4th, Pomona, Calif.

IURCH PAPERS: Mrs. V. J. Martorella, Grace thodist Church, Riverside, Calif.

BINS: Lloyd E. Knox, 471 Junipero Ave., Pacific ove, Calif. (silver dollars); William J. Chanclor, x 39, White Oak, Ga. (U.S. & Confederate); bert W. Aldinger, 4653 Smick St., Philadelphia , Pa. (old U.S.); Mrs. J. E. Anderson, 419 Pawnee , Pierre, S. Dak.

OKBOOKS: June Davis, 328 W. Hunt St., ragould, Ark.

OCHETING: Mrs. John J. Buchanan, 27 E. in St., Sussex, N.J.; Minnie S. Stone, Box 7, Jacksonville, Ark. (hairpin lace).

JPS & SAUCERS: Carol Ann Gillett, R. 3, Box 2, Golden, Colo.

VERY-MEMBER CANVASS: Robert R. Anthes, x 248, Kearney, Nebr. (especially letters that t results).

ANS: Louise Buchanan, R. 1, Box 37, Draper, Dak.

ENEALOGY: Mrs. Iva McDonough, 505 NE 4th , Waseca, Minn. (Olger); Mrs. Billy J. Burkett, ar Route, Stuttgart, Ark. (Burkett, McMurtry, dledge, Frownfelter, Knapp, Hyde); Mrs. Harvey Linger, 583 Highland Dr., Idaho Falls, Idaho Vetzels, Henninger, Regers, Lauriault); Mrs. yette E. Shreffler, R. 2, Box 246, Kankakee, Ill. hreffler, Lamb, Dickinson, Paine, Davis, Doty, ach, Brockway).

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Mrs. C. D. Niskern, 512 Logan St., Monett, Mo. Crawford, Black, Calvert, Letterman, Moon); orest S. Fellers, Hotel Arlington, Toledo 5, Ohio Feller, Fellers, Anderson, Sargent, Linn, Jones, ell); Mrs. Olen Wolf, 12145 SW Lincoln Ave., igard 23, Oreg. (Rock, Allender, Stone, Corbin); rs. H. B. Allison, 1663 Northern Pkwy., Balti- more, Md. (Allison, Wise, Weiss, McGowan, Harrar, Robinson, Davis, Montgomery, Chapman); Gary E. Young, 1115 N. Jefferson, Carrollton, Mo. (Slane, Slain, Nice, Graham, Hundley, Huntley, Catlin, Braden, Miles, Northcott, Lovell).

HANDKERCHIEFS: Mrs. H. Cleatis, 2950 NW 7th St., Miami 35, Fla.; Mrs. Ross F. Johnston, 2183 Atkins Ave., Lakewood 7, Ohio.

HORTICULTURE: Mrs. George Koenig, 915 S. 6th St., LaCrosse, Wis. (African violets).

INDIAN RELICS: Jeff Hildreth, 471 Junipero Ave., Pacific Grove, Calif. (arrowheads).

INSECTS: Wayne McAdams, 617 E. Lucas St., Bucyrus, Ohio.

JEWELRY: Shelby Pepper, Box 28, Dakota, Ill.; Mrs. Wilma Kelly, 1730 Sunset Ave., Santa Barbara, Calif. (making it from rocks and minerals).

KEY CHAINS: Evelyn Armstrong, Box 307, Jerseyville, Ill.

LANGUAGES: Rev. Robert L. Kinkade, 1817 Redfield St., La Crosse, Wis. (modern).

PHOTOGRAPHY: Wayne McAdams, 617 E. Lucas St., Bucyrus, Ohio (color slides of insects).

PICTURES: Patty Galloway, 715 Watrous, Des Moines, Iowa (of horses); Wiley Smith, 1206 Northwood, Greensboro, N.C. (of churches).

PITCHERS: Lillie Freie, Box 53, Boxholm, Iowa.

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Mrs. Lawrence Thompson, R. 1, Wattsburg, Pa. (of churches); Carole Thomas, 5521 Windsor Mill Rd., Baltimore 7, Md.; Robert G. Dasse, 20 Franklin St., Apt. 3, Meriden, Conn. (of churches, covered bridges, state maps, state capitols); Mrs. Cora A. DuLaney, Odenton, Md. (of birthplaces and tombs of U.S. presidents); Regena Souder, 1206 Roger Dr., Auburn, Ind.; Mrs. Donald Weller, R. 5, Canton, Ill.; Mrs. Dora Maurer, 1610 S. Pasfield, Springfield, Ill.

POSTMARKS: Ruth E. Ott, 1874 Quimby Lane, Westfield, N.J.; Shirley Cornman, RD 1, Dillsburg, Pa.

QUILTING: Mrs. Duane Miller, Ensign, Kans. (patterns); Emma Keithly, R. 2, Center, Mo.

RECIPES: June Davis, 328 W. Hunt St., Paragould, Ark.

ROCKS & MINERALS: Mrs. J. E. Anderson, 419 Pawnee St., Pierre, S. Dak.; Mrs. L. S. Johnston, 2705 River Dr., Thunderbolt, Ga.

SCARVES: Patsy Pepper, Box 28, Dakota, Ill.

SPOONS: Mrs. R. E. Trotter, 2806 Robert Ave., Maryville, Tenn. (antique and state souvenir); Dr. Margaret Jones, Box 625, Branson, Mo.

STAMPS: Mrs. Urda Barlund, Skogsbjornvagen F. C. 15, Hagalund, Finland; Sharron Calkins, Box 59, Port Elizabeth, N.J. (U.S.); Mrs. Herbert E. Wheeler, 63 Grosvenor Ave., East Providence 14, R.I.; Mrs. Kathleen Scoggins, RR 2, Hiawatha, Kans.; Mrs. J. E. Anderson, 419 Pawnee St., Pierre, S. Dak.; Bill Evans, 289 Cherokee Trail, Clarksville, Tenn.; Timothy M. Okome, 16 Olumegbon Rd., Suru-Lere, Yaba, Lagos, Nigeria.

TATTING: Mrs. Pauline Antisdel, Box 8684, Sarasota, Fla. (patterns).

THIMBLES: Mrs. Margery Baker, 259 N. West Ave., Kankakee, Ill.

TOOTHPICK HOLDERS: Mrs. Carl A. George, R. 1, Jamestown, Mo.

PEN PALS (open to age 18): Marilyn Ruf (9), Cambridge, Nebr.; Linda Ann Wilson (11), 529 Maple St., Lawrence, Kans.; Sherry Brown (11), 1447 Edgewood Ave., Trenton, N.J.; Sue Alishouse (12), 401 Adams, Akron, Colo.; Roberto Palmon (17), 1968 Int. 28 Juan Luna, Manila, Philippines; Bobby Hayes (16), Box 98, Olney, Tex.; Kathryn (10) and Margaret (12) Butts, 4991 Howe Rd., Trenton, Ohio; Judith Rae Luitjens (11), 1511 W. 17th St., Sioux City 3, Iowa; Patricia Ann Parker (13), Church Creek, Md.; Cynthia Moseman (10), R. 2, Lyons, Nebr.; Sharol Barta (12), 242 N. Franklin, Red Cloud, Nebr.

Elizabeth Bie Nio Liauw (17), Djl. Mangga Besar Raja 49, Djakarta 6/1, Indonesia; Donna M. Rodrigues (10), 68 Powhatan St., Warwick, R.I.; Myra Grenier (8), 143 E. Genesee St., Auburn, N.Y.; Lynn Lucas (14), 5302 Overlook Glen Dr., Pittsburgh 36, Pa.; Janna (11) and Georgia (14) Johnson, 1718 W. 61st St., Minneapolis 19, Minn.; Jack Bradford (17), R. 1, Box 79-A, Centuria, Wis.; Cheryl Cunningham (13), Box 92, Heron Lake, Minn.; David Ringer (12), 210½ Indiana Ave., Nutter Fort, W.Va.; Sandra Toms (14), R. 2, Box 4, Decatur, Tenn.

Becky Morgan (10), RR 1, Perrysville, Ind.; Kathy Jones (14), 1440 NW 300th Ave., Hillsboro, Oreg.; Bill Runyon (8), 2507 N. 39th Ave., Phoenix, Ariz.; Joan Seiler (14), R. 2, Montevideo, Minn.; Barbara Peyser (12), 212 Potomac Ave., Hanover, Pa.; Linda White (13), 1234 Atlanta Rd., Marietta, Ga.; Carol Curtis (13), 120 W. Flynn, Redwood Falls, Minn.; Henry Aymond (14), R. 1, Simmesport, La. (wants to correspond in Spanish with someone overseas).

Donna Ruth Wheat (10), 41 E. Main St., Clifton Springs, N.Y.; Judy Trail (14), R. 4, McCook, Nebr.; Katherine Hackbarth (17), Rowan, Iowa; Donita Lytle (15), 1704 Frankfort, Winfield, Kans.; Janet Anderson (10), RR 2, Early, Iowa; Kaye Langley (13), 1562 Beecher St., Atlanta 10, Ga.; Mary Ellen Rosa (14), 31 Cherry St., Montrose, Pa.; Linda Walker (12), Box 67, Kirkville, N.Y.; Barbara Bennett (13), Box 65, Kirkville, N.Y.; Linda Miller (13), 7861 Ranchito Ave., Panorama City, Calif.; David Taylor (9), 3078 Carfax Ave., Long Beach 8, Calif.; Barbara Carroll (16), 3078 Carfax Ave., Long Beach 8, Calif.; Jin Soo Chung (18), 580-14 Changsin Dong, Dong Dai Moon-Ku, Seoul, Korea; Ruby Ann (6) and Karen (9) Asmus, Star Route, LaGrange, Wyo.; Melva Bell (13), Box K-63, Salmon, Idaho.

A Present for Mrs. Potts

By Gina Bell-Zano

SUSIE, Sammy, and Tad were sitting very still and thinking very hard. Suddenly Sammy jumped up.

"I know," he said. "We could buy Mrs. Potts a woolly shawl to keep her warm."

"My goodness!" said Susie. "Mrs. Potts has a hundred woolly shawls. Think of something else we can get for her birthday."

"How about a new Bible?" asked Tad. "She's always reading the one she has and it's ever so old and shabby."

"No," said Susie, "Mrs. Potts has had that same Bible ever since she was a little girl. It's a treasure to her."

"Say, maybe we could get her a new cane!" shouted Sammy. "She always walks with a cane —maybe hers is worn out."

"That wouldn't matter," said Susie. "Mrs. Potts has so much rheumatism in her legs that she hardly ever goes out any more. Can't you boys think of a present she'd really like?"

Just then, Diane came running up. Her face was red and she was all out of breath.

"I'm sorry to be so late," puffed Diane. "But I just this minute finished earning my share of the money for Mrs. Potts' present."

"Well," said Sammy, "I hope you have some good ideas. We can't decide what to get. We thought of a shawl or a new Bible or a cane."

Diane shook her head. "I don't like any of those," she said. "They are all good gifts, but she wouldn't use any Bible other than the old one she has. She has quite a few shawls, and a cane is not a happy present.

"I thought of something, though, on the way over. Something to keep her company when she's lonely. Something to love. Something to love her. Something warm and alive. . ."

"Of course," said Sammy and Susie and Tad together. "A puppy!"

They all jumped up. They gave Sammy the money to hold, since he was the oldest, and then they ran to the pet shop as fast as they could. When they got there, they saw so many wonderful puppies they didn't know which one to choose. Finally Sammy said, "Let's get one to match Mrs. Potts."

They picked out a plump puppy with gray fur and bright eyes. And when the pet-shop owner heard what they planned to do with the puppy, he gave them a red bow for the puppy's neck and a basket to carry him in.

The boys and girls were all laughing and happy and excited when they rang Mrs. Potts' doorbell. "Happy birthday!" they shouted when Mrs. Potts opened the door.

"Well, my land's sakes," exclaimed Mrs. Potts. "Well, goodness me, what have we here!" She was so surprised she couldn't say anything else for quite a while. Then she asked the children to come inside and gave them each a cooky and a glass of milk. And then she sat down on her rocking chair with her birthday puppy on her lap.

"What a lovely, wonderful, happy present," she said, "and how good of you to do this for me." Her eyes filled with tears.

"Now, now, don't cry, Mrs.

ts," said Diane. "Please 't."

I am only crying because I so happy," said Mrs. Potts. shall feed my puppy out of retty blue bowl of his very and I think I shall name Chum."

That's a good name," said mmy.

That's a fine name." said Tad.

That's a wonderful name," Diane.

That's just right," said Susie, t now we'd better go and you and Chum get to know other."

The next morning the chil- n went back to see Mrs. Potts. m was sleeping comfortably his little basket. But Mrs. ts was not wearing her usual py smile.

What's wrong, Mrs. Potts?" led Susie.

Children," said Mrs. Potts, don't know how to tell you , but I cannot keep Chum. I e him, but I cannot keep him."

Why not?" asked Sammy. e's yours. We paid for him. belongs to you."

But," said Mrs. Potts, "a lit- dog must be taken out for ks. He needs fresh air and shine. And I hardly ever go side because of the rheuma- n in my legs. Oh, dear me."

Maybe we should have ght you a goldfish," said l. "Goldfish don't have to go king."

But I would rather have m than anything," said Mrs. ts.

The children sat quietly. Then Diane said, "Maybe you don't have very strong legs, Mrs. Potts, but we have eight good, strong legs among us. Why couldn't we take turns walking Chum?"

Mrs. Potts looked at the other children. Her smile was coming back.

"I could walk him in the morning on my way to school," said Sammy.

"I could walk him after school," said Susie.

"I could walk him after dinner," said Tad.

"And I could walk him after lunch," said Diane.

Mrs. Potts laughed. "He won't need that much walking. Why the poor little thing would be all tuckered out! Just twice a day—and you can take turns." Mrs. Potts kissed each child.

Chum woke up. He climbed out of his basket. As though he understood the whole thing, he trotted over to the children and stood there, looking up at them and wagging his small tail.

Mrs. Potts' eyes filled with tears again.

"Oh, please don't cry," said Diane. "Everything is all right now."

"I know," said Mrs. Potts. "It's just that I am so happy all over again. This is the best birthday I have ever had, you are the best friends I have ever had, and Chum——well, Chum is the best dog in the world, and I have him, too. How could anyone be happier?"

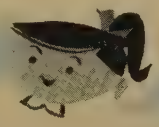
CALLING All Small Fry Artists

If you're 10 years old or younger, there's still time to send us your crayon drawing of what you think is the nicest thing about Christmas. On the back of your drawing, tell what you think is the nicest thing about Christmas—and why. Then print your name, address, age, and where you go to church school. Mail your drawing, by February 1, 1960, to: Small Fry Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Illinois. Next Christmas we plan to print some of the drawings in TOGETHER.

My Resolutions

Among my resolutions
For the year ahead are these:
Politely speak to grownups;
Say "thank you" and "yes, please";

Help Mother with the dishes;
Put away my books and toys;
Please Grandpa and my teacher by
Not making too much noise;



Each morning, wash around my ears
And underneath my chin;
Try not to slam the door when going out or coming in.

In fact, I plan to be so good
I think most probably
That no one, simply no one,
Will still believe I'm me!

—ROBIN M. WHITING

Chilly Sillies

1. What has more feet in January than in June?
2. Why don't cats sleep as well in winter as they do in summer?
3. Why is snow like an apple tree?
4. What animal would you like to be on a cold, wintry day?
5. Why can winter see better than summer?

Answers: 1. A skating pond. 2. Because summer brings the caterpillar (cat-a-pillow). 3. Because it leaves in the spring. 4. A little otter. 5. Because it has ice (eyes).

Falling temperatures raise the spirits of these hearty Wisconsin MYFers. It's time again to enjoy . . .

A Day in the Snow

Caravan: *Pars Greene (far left) loads his car outside Scott Memorial Church.*

EVERY SECOND or third Saturday throughout central Wisconsin's biting winter, Pars Greene sandwiches woolen clothing between his insulated "Long Johns" and deer-hunting outerwear, lashes on heavy rubber boots, and leads a well-bundled band of MYFers out of Merrill for a day of fun and fellowship in the still, rolling countryside surrounding the town. He may break trail for a nature hike or to a secluded farm pond perfect for ice skating. Other days he and the teens tote skis and toboggans for sliding and horseplay on a nearby slope. Wherever they go, this veteran preacher-outdoorsman later builds a crackling fire and everyone settles around to cook, talk, and thaw.

Destination Fun: *On James Galbrith's farm near Merrill, the 16 MYFers debark in deep snow for the half-mile overland trek to a favorite ski slope.*

angway! A strong push off from Mike McMillan, who's just hopped on
r a stand-up ride, sends Dan Morris sailing—and squinting—through powdery new snow.
nd the long haul back up the slope? At a time like this, who worries about that?

out. By nightfall, all are home again—Pars to polish his sermon for next day in Merrill's Scott Memorial Methodist Church.

At 61, Pars (short for Parson R. L. Greene) clearly has lost little of the energy and enthusiasm he had 36 years ago when he began his ministry. That (and the fact he raised two fine boys of his own) helps explain why teen-agers are favorites of his, and vice versa. Strengthening this bond is the active MYF program in which he leads them—often into the out of doors, where he feels that nature helps draw the group nearer to God and into closer fellowship with each other. One result: There rarely are empty chairs at Sunday-evening MYF meetings. Besides, outdoor excursions are great fun. Our photographer, returning rosy-cheeked from the outing pictured here, admits parking his cameras to ride up front on a snow-spraying toboggan run!

Obstacle: *Hopping a fence wire is easy for Luellen Giese, whose parka patches show she's skied major Wisconsin slopes.*

Saucerman: *McMillan's heading for an "earth landing."*

Friendly foe: *After an exhilarating toboggan run, Susy Bayer and Mike launch a one-sided snowball battle. Guess who'll win!*

Warm glow: *It's from Pars Greene's big fire—and their own good fellowship. When they thaw out, the MYFers will cook, talk, and sing before heading home.*

Weak link: *This team effort to wrestle a log to the fire stalls when Susy Bayer (right) stumbles in the snow. But they'll finally make it.*

NEWS of the world parish

CHURCH GAINS 123,543 MEMBERS IN 1958-59

The Methodist Church gained 123,543 members in the U.S. in 1958-59, shooting total membership to 9,815,459. The increase represented a gain of 1.27 per cent, according to the Rev. Albert C. Hoover, director of the church's statistical office.

Included in the total membership are 27,750 ministers, but not the 1,536,419 baptized children who are listed as preparatory members.

The church actually received 763,464 members during the 1958-59 fiscal year—380,204 on profession of faith—but losses by transfer, death, and other causes cut the net gain.

Mr. Hoover's report is based on information supplied by the 100 Annual Conferences in the 50 states, Puerto Rico, and Cuba (served by the Philadelphia, Pa., and Jacksonville, Fla. Areas). Other statistics:

Organized churches—39,236, a decrease of 81.

Total contributions—$512,164,658, an increase of $28,679,341.

Church-school membership—7,154,254, a gain of nearly 42,000. Average Sunday attendance of 3,739,881 is nearly 55,000 more.

WSCS units—31,864, a gain of 579.

Value of all church buildings—$2,555,838,779, an increase of $157 million.

Buildings and improvements—$115,005,879, a drop of $4.5 million.

Paid on indebtedness—$59,836,906, an increase of $7,693,430.

Pastors' salaries—$91,209,722, an increase of nearly $5 million.

Total benevolences—$75,498,724, a gain of $6,251,121.

MPH Net Sales, Together Circulation at New Highs

The Methodist Publishing House, largest denominational publisher in the nation, has passed two new milestones in its 170-year history.

It had net sales exceeding $25 million last fiscal year, and its family magazine, TOGETHER, passed the 1-million circulation mark in November.

Announcement of the gains was made by Lovick Pierce, MPH president and publisher, at the Board of Publication's annual meeting.

Net sales of $25,616,249, he said, were five per cent greater than in the 1957-58 year. Net income was $1,174,059.

TOGETHER's mail subscription totaled 1,001,904 for the 175th anniversary issue, not including bulk mailings.

The Board again voted to give $600,000 to the Methodist ministers' pension fund.

Other reports showed:

- Abingdon Press brought out 95 new books last year and distributed 2,422,420 books.
- More than 6.8 million pieces of church-school literature were distributed in the last quarter of the year, and 148 new items produced.

Bishop, Three Laymen Get Old St. George's Awards

The first annual St. George's awards—for distinguished service to The Methodist Church—have been presented to Bishop Fred P. Corson and three laymen.

Bishop Corson, Philadelphia, is vice-president of the World Methodist Council, head of the Board of Education, and spiritual leader of 328,814 Methodists.

Laymen honored were:

Charles Parlin, Englewood, N.J., vice-chairman of the National Council of Churches' general board. [See *Wall Street Lawyer,* September, 1959, page 27.]

James T. Buckley, Philadelphia, former president of Philco and president of the board of trustees of Old St. George's Church.

George Ruck, Huntingdon Valley, Pa., former president of Columbia Steel, who has given generously to church work in Germany, Formosa, and at home.

The award was a gold medal carrying the seal of Old St. George's. In future years, awards will be limited to one layman and one minister.

Refugee Camps to Close

West Germany has scheduled the closing of all non-German refugee camps by the end of 1960 and those for Germans by the end of 1963.

Nearly 13 million persons have passed through the camps since World War II ended in 1945, according to Werner G. Middelmann, undersecretary of the Federal German Ministry for Refugees.

He said major problems of those still in the camps are lack of housing and jobs.

1961 Meetings Proposed

Staffs of the Church's three social action boards, meeting in Washington, have recommended they sponsor a national Convocation on Christian Social Concerns and an international School on Social Problems in 1961. The School would be held in Europe.

The staffs represented the Boards of Temperance, World Peace, and Social and Economic Relations. They also voted to continue joint sponsorship of regional briefing conferences in Christian Social Relations and elected Lee Ranck managing editor of their newsletter, *Contact.*

Minister Retires Twice, Accepts Another Job

In 1950, Dr. L. L. Loofbourow retired as pastor of First Church, Richmond, Calif. At 72, he had been preaching 50 years.

But he found he could not retire completely. He continued helping the new Church of the Good Shepherd get a firm footing in East Richmond, and remained as its pastor until 1959. Then he retired again.

Now he has another job—historian of the California-Nevada Conference.

In his 56 years under appointment, Dr. Loofbourow served on the U.S. mainland, in the Panama Canal Zone, and in Hawaii. It was in Honolulu that he met and encouraged Syngman Rhee, now president of the Republic of Korea. Mrs. Loofbourow was a teacher-director in Rhee's school for Korean girls. Last year, both received citations and medals for their "devotion in the struggle for Korea's independence and freedom." They were presented by Korean Ambassador You Chan Yang.

Dr. and Mrs. Loofbourow celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in 1957.

Korea's ambassador presents medals to Dr. and Mrs. Leon L. Loofbourow.

Bishop Watts——1890-1959

ishop Watts Dies

Nebraska Area Bishop H. Bascom Watts died November 3 in Lincoln, Nebr., three days before his 69th birthday. He had been elected to the episcopacy in 1952.

The bishop suffered a cerebral thrombosis August 31, but seemed to have recovered. He filled most of his duties until hospitalized two weeks before his death.

Survivors include his widow, a son, Dr. Ewart G. Watts of First Church, Topeka, Kans., and a daughter, Mrs. Allerling F. Wheeler of Dallas, Tex.

ontributions Increase

Members of 49 Protestant and Eastern Orthodox denominations in the U.S. gave $2,352,159,290 to their churches in 1958, an increase of seven per cent over 1957.

A National Council of Churches report showed gifts for benevolences amounted to 20.2 per cent of the total, slightly less than $474 million.

The Free Methodist Church had the highest per-capita giving—$243.95—of the 40 Protestant groups reporting. Next highest were Seventh-day Adventists, $217.31, and Pilgrim Holiness Church, $194.85.

Per-member giving of The Methodist Church was $52.18.

atan Pickets Church

Police and members of a church in Elgin, Ill., came face to face with the devil on a recent Sunday morning.

Satan carried a sign reading: "Foursquare Church Is Unfair to Sin—Be My Friend and Don't Attend."

Police, checking a report that a picket was interfering with freedom of worship, found the devil was really the 15-year-old son of a Sunday-school teacher. His masquerade was intended to promote interest in the school's program. Church officials said it worked.

Warns Alcohol Claims 'Most Brilliant People'

Alcohol's principal victims are "our most brilliant people," warns Dr. C. Nelson Davis, a Philadelphia psychiatrist.

"Alcoholism is a disease of the station-wagon set and is not confined to Skid Row bums," he told 100 persons attending a National School of Alcohol Studies and Christian Action in Little Rock, Ark.

In another discussion of drinking problems, Dr. George Maddox, professor of sociology at Millsaps College, Jackson, Miss., said the problem has become a matter of "dealing not only with liquid in a bottle but with the whole life of man."

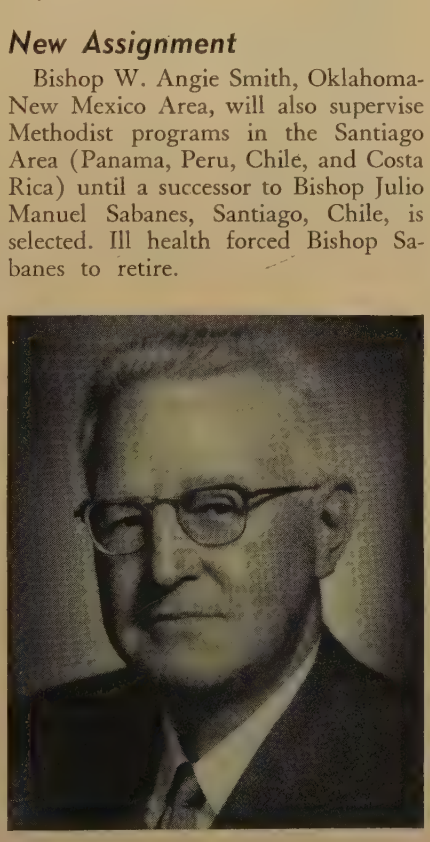
Dr. Everett Tilson, professor of biblical theology at Vanderbilt University, recommended that Methodists use the Bible "as the spur to creative thinking and courageous action" against alcohol.

'Do Nothing' Churchmen

"It is heartbreaking," said Dr. Robert G. Mayfield to 200 lay leaders at a Northeastern Jurisdiction assembly, "to see the large number of men who accept responsibilities in the church and then do nothing about them." He is general secretary of the Board of Lay Activities.

New Assignment

Bishop W. Angie Smith, Oklahoma-New Mexico Area, will also supervise Methodist programs in the Santiago Area (Panama, Peru, Chile, and Costa Rica) until a successor to Bishop Julio Manuel Sabanes, Santiago, Chile, is selected. Ill health forced Bishop Sabanes to retire.



Vincent P. Clarke, Judicial Council member from 1939 to 1948, has been recalled to sit on the church's "Supreme Court." A Winchester, Mass., lawyer, he replaces the late J. Ernest Wilkins.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

JANUARY

1-3—National Conference on Spiritual Birth and Growth for Laymen, Kentucky Lake, Ky.

3—Celebration week closes for 175th anniversary of The Methodist Church.

5-7—Annual meeting, Board of Education, Atlantic City, N.J.

12-22—Annual meeting, Board of Missions, Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

22-25—Council on World Service and Finance, Buck Hill Falls, Pa.

27-29—Annual meeting, General Board of Temperance, Washington, D.C.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General Program—*The Golden Cord of Service*, by Esma Rideout Booth; Circle Program—*Your Light Has Come*, by Beulah Reits.

Asks Concerted Effort to Reach Common People

The Methodist Church, says Dean Walter G. Muelder of Boston University School of Theology, must make a "concerted and persistent effort" to reach workers, small-income families, and persons of lower education.

This is necessary, he told the National Conference on Christian Education, "or we cannot win the cities nor keep the countryside."

Dr. W. McFerrin Stowe, pastor of St. Luke's Church, Oklahoma City, told delegates the church faces the same crisis as public schools in buildings and personnel. He said Methodists would need $50 million worth of new church-school facilities in the next 20 years.

Evangelistic Campaign Wins 13,000 Commitments

A three-day evangelistic campaign in the Southern California-Arizona Conference resulted in about 13,000 commitments, according to reports from most of the 403 participating churches.

Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy hailed the visitation program as "the greatest thing we've ever done in the Conference . . . the birth of a new spirit in our churches."

Commitments included 3,833 confessions of faith and reaffirmation and 3,758 pledges to join membership-preparation classes.

More than 14,500 laymen were among the 15,425 participants in this Sharing God's Good News crusade.

'Ghettos of Single Women'

Metropolitan churches are being challenged by "great ghettos of single women," a National Council of Churches official has declared.

Dr. Jon L. Regier told a Congrega-

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

Inadvertent announcement by our minister: "Next Sunday, I will preach my last sermon in this Lenten series. The choir will sing, *Now All My Woes Are Over.*"
—Mrs. Laura Johnston, *St. Paul, Minn.*

A mother, interested in her son's learning some prayers, gave him a tract put out by the church board.

Some nights later she was pleased to hear him recite a prayer at dinner.

"Amen," he concluded. "This prayer is sponsored by the United Board of Churches."
—E. Ruth Ziegler, *Whittier, Calif.*

Mary Lou's brother had set a trap for birds, and Mary Lou cried because she thought it cruel. But one day she cheered up; her mother asked why. "Well," the girl replied, "I prayed for Bob to be a better boy. Then I prayed that the trap wouldn't catch any birds."

"That was right," her mother assured her.

"And then," finished the little girl, "I just went out and kicked that old bird trap all to pieces."
—Marjorie Dawson, *Mt. Vernon, Mo.*

The preacher was admonishing his flock on the evils of avarice.

"And remember, my friends," he warned, "there will be no buying or selling in heaven."

An elderly gentleman in a back pew muttered:

"That's not where business has gone, anyway."
—Mrs. M. G. Niebuhr, *San Antonio, Tex.*

Share your favorite church-related chuckle with other Together *readers. If it's picked for publication, you'll receive $5.*—Eds.

tional Christian Church meeting in Hartford, Conn., that with the increasing number of single girls "we are beginning to see that strange social phenomenon of communities that are predominantly made up of detached women."

They live, he said, "in a matriarchal society that generally recognizes the detached woman as having somehow fallen short of the goal of being head of the family."

Dr. Regier is executive secretary of the NCC's Division of Home Missions.

CWS Needs $2,575,510

Church World Service, a department of the National Council of Churches, has asked the nation's major Protestant groups to give $2,575,510 for its work next year.

About 80 per cent of this budget will finance CWS material aid, immigration services, and distribution of U.S. surplus food overseas, where emergencies last year were described as "unequalled since the Hungarian crisis."

Methodist Plane Cracks Up

The Rev. Curran L. Spottswood escaped injury recently when his plane, *Circuit Rider VI,* cracked up while landing on a dirt road in the Philippines.

Mr. Spottswood

The Methodist missionary - pilot was enroute to a remote village to get a seriously ill minister, District Superintendent Felix Telan, and fly him to a hospital for treatment.

Mr. Spottswood, a native of Mobile, Ala., has been in the Philippines since 1946. This is the third crack-up from which he escaped unhurt. In 1949 and 1950, two ambulance planes crashed and were virtually destroyed. While *Circuit Rider VI* was extensively damaged, it is being restored to flying condition.

Mr. Spottswood said there was no landing field near Marbel, his destination, but there was a dirt road two miles north of the town.

"Just as the plane landed and touched down at about 50 miles per hour," he told the Board of Missions, "the grass on one side threw the plane into a two-foot ditch and then into the mud on the other side. Because of shoulder straps, I was not injured."

As pilot of the Methodist "air force" in the Philippines, Mr. Spottswood has logged more than 1,000 flying hours on mission business. He is married and has five sons.

Staff Members Endorse Plan Uniting 3 Boards

Staff members of the General Boards of Temperance, World Peace, and Social and Economic Relations have endorsed a plan for uniting the three agencies.

Endorsement came after a series of meetings of top executives with members of the Co-ordinating Council. The Council must approve the plan and submit it to the General Conference next April for ratification.

No decision has been made on whether the new agency—one name suggested is the Board of Christian Social Concerns—will have a single general secretary or one for each of its divisions. Staff members favor a plan which would allow for these principal divisions: 1) temperance, health, and welfare; 2) peace and world order; 3) human and economic relations.

Also undecided is the site of the proposed agency's home office. It is understood Washington and Chicago are being considered.

The Rev. Daniel E. Taylor, general secretary of the Board of World Peace and spokesman for the staffs, said, "Successful operation of the plan depends on provision for adequate financing by the church."

Methodist Women Are National WCTU Officers

Two recently elected officers of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union are Methodists.

Mrs. T. Roy Jarrett of Richmond, Va., was named vice-president-at-large, and Mrs. H. F. Powell of Evanston, Ill., was re-elected treasurer.

Both women are active in church affairs and have been interested in the temperance movement since childhood.

Each is the daughter of a former WCTU leader.

Mrs. Jarrett frequently works with her husband, who is evangelist of the Virginia Conference. They have five children. She is a member of Reveille Church, Richmond.

Mrs. Powell, whose late husband was a member of the Illinois Conference, was first elected national treasurer in 1952. She is a member of First Church, Evanston.

Mrs. Jarrett

Mrs. Powell

bert C. Glazier, Springfield, Mo., o recently joined the TRAFCO staff.

cKendree Improvements

Trustees of Methodist-related Mcndree College, Lebanon, Ill., have atively approved a long-range master elopment plan.

veral new buildings are planned, luding a chapel, residence halls, adnistration and science building, a al center, a student union, an inary, and a power plant. Present ictures on the grounds of the 131-r-old school date back to 1890.

bserve Heritage Day

An estimated 19,000 Protestants filled edom Hall, Louisville, Ky., to hear E. Stanley Jones deliver a Chris-n Heritage Day sermon.

The widely known Methodist evanist [see *'Grace, Grass, and Gumph,'* January, 1959, page 33] spoke on *r Heritage in Christ.*

A 2,000-voice choir sang *A Mighty rtress Is Our God* as part of the formation Day observance.

urch Income Gains

Dr. Thomas B. Lugg, general secrey of the Council on World Service Finance, reports receipts for gen-l church funds are running well ead of last year.

For the first five months of the new al year, income was 8.44 per cent her than the comparable period of 58-59. Seven general funds handled the Council showed gains, two ers decreases. The Fellowship of ffering and Service showed the gest increase, 39 per cent. World rvice had a 3.72 per cent gain.

hrist on the Mountain'

The Department of the Interior has served 224 acres of the Black Hills ational Forest, south of Spearfish, Dak., as a potential site for a statue, *hrist on the Mountain.*

The statue, with inscriptions on its base from the Sermon on the Mount, is being sponsored by a nonsectarian group headed by U.S. Senator Francis Case, a Methodist. It will be erected at no cost to the government.

Mark Mission Anniversary

Arrival of Protestantism was a "turning point in the history" of his country, a Republic of Korea official has declared.

The occasion was a government-sponsored celebration of the 75th anniversary of Protestant mission work in Korea. Another official hailed the Protestant church as "one of the strong bulwarks of our republic."

Sixty missionaries, 15 of them Methodist, were honored by the government at the celebration.

Methodists cited for more than 30 years' service were: Miss Marion Conrow, Wichita, Kans.; Miss Annie Howard, Kathleen, Ga.; Mrs. Maud K. Jensen, New Cumberland, Pa.; Miss Esther Laird, Oxford, Ohio; Miss Sadie Moore, Jefferson, Ga.; Miss Mary Rosser, Sylacauga, Ala.; the Rev. and Mrs. Charles A. Sauer, Circleville, Ohio; Dr. and Mrs. William E. Shaw, Delaware, Ohio, and Mrs. Euline S. Weems, Hamlet, N.C.

Other Methodists cited, whose parents or grandparents also had been Korean missionaries, were: Mrs. Carl W. Judy, Charleston, W. Va.; Mrs. James H. Moore, Johnson City, N.Y.; Robert C. Sauer, Painesville, Ohio, aud Dr. C. D. Stokes, Orrville, Ohio.

Wants Unions, Churches to 'Work More Closely'

Victor Reuther, United Auto Workers official, urges labor unions and churches to "work more closely together." He added:

"The program of the church should

Dr. David A. Lockmiller, new president of Ohio Wesleyan University, was inducted into office by Bishop Herbert Welch, president of OWU, 1905-1916.

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be carried right into the shops, mines, and mills. Ministers probably would win more converts this way than in just preaching from their pulpits."

The speaker, a Methodist, addressed a Methodist Conference on Christian Social Relations at Buck Hill Falls, Pa. He is special assistant to his brother, UAW President Walter Reuther.

Drop Caravan Program

The caravan program of the Board of Education's Youth Department is being discontinued after 21 years.

Director Joseph W. Bell said changing needs of churches and growing interest in other types of voluntary service prompted the decision.

Since the program's inception, 4,519 young people have served as caravanners, reaching more than a million persons in some 2,000 churches. Participation declined in recent years. Last summer only 84 college students and 20 adult counselors, in teams of five, visited 145 churches to help strengthen their ministry to youth.

New programs to replace the caravans are under consideration.

Churches Agree to Merge

Representatives of the 100,000-member American Unitarian Association and the Universalist Church of America, with 75,000 members, have approved merger of the two groups.

The combined body, to be called the Unitarian Universalist Association, will become official in May, 1961, if union is ratified by members. The new church's constitution states that its purpose is "to cherish and spread the universal truths taught by the great prophets and teachers of humanity."

GUEST TICKETS

Guest tickets for persons who wish to attend the 1960 General Conference, to be held in Denver April 27 to May 11, now are available. They may be obtained by writing to the Rev. J. Otis Young, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

World Peace Board Honors Dr. Sockman, Dr. Boss

The Board of World Peace has cited Dr. Ralph W. Sockman and Dr. Charles F. Boss, Jr., for distinguished service.

Dr. Sockman, pastor of Christ Church, New York, has been Board chairman for more than 30 years. Dr. Boss, after more than 20 years as executive secretary, now heads the Board's United Nations and Intergovernmental Affairs office.

The citations were presented by Bishop W. Earl Ledden, Syracuse, N.Y., at a dinner in the Park Ridge, Ill., Methodist Church.

Court OKs Chapel

The Oklahoma Supreme Court has ruled that construction of a nondenominational chapel at the Whitaker State Orphans' Home, Pryor, Okla., does not violate state law banning the use of public money for church matters.

The Court said that separation of church and state does not mean "to compel or require separation from God."

Plaintiffs in the case had sued to

Exterior walls of the new Coventry Cathedral, which will replace the landmark destroyed by bombs in World War II, are near completion in Coventry, England. Ruins of the old Cathedral (lower right) now encompass an attractive garden.

prevent construction of the $126,000 chapel using funds left to the state by a Pryor banker.

Advanced-Study Grants

The Board of Hospitals and Homes has made three grants from the Harry R. Kendall Fund for advanced studies in health and welfare.

One purpose of the Fund, set up by the late Evanston, Ill., philanthropist, is to train leaders for service among needy Negroes.

Recipients were Miss Roberta I. Reid, Tuskegee, Ala., and Miss Margaret L. Price, Rapidan, Va., both studying social work, and Dr. Arnold E. Darensbourg, Gramercy, La., serving a residency in obstetrics and gynecology in Freeman's Hospital, Washington, D.C.

Double Award Winner

Tall, attractive Marcia Jean Lubbers, 23, is unique among the thousands who have received scholarships from the General Board of Education. She is the only one to receive both the National Methodist Scholarship and the John Q. Schisler award for persons planning to be Christian-education directors.

Miss Lubbers

Miss Lubbers received the first honor at Ohio Wesleyan University, where she was graduated with a bachelor's degree in sacred music. Now she is in her final year at Boston University School of Theology, working for a master's degree in religious education.

At 12 she was pianist for the primary department of her home church, First Methodist, Plainwell, Mich., and a beginners' class teacher. In MYF, she held many posts, later she was church organist—and valedictorian of her high-school class.

At Ohio Wesleyan, she was deep in church and campus activities, yet earned part of her way by being a secretary, baby sitter, and waitress. Academically, she was on the dean's honor list.

Now she combines classroom work with that of Christian-education director at Central Church in Brockton, Mass.

Dedicate Bells Honoring Reformation Leaders

Several thousand Protestants, many from U.S. forces in Europe, attended the service in Speyer's Memorial Church, Heidelberg, Germany, when eight Reformation Bells were dedicated at an impressive ceremony.

The Martin Luther Bell

Each bell honors a man who advanced Protestantism—Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Melanchthon, Adolphus, Butzer, Ursinus, and Bader. They hang in a 215-foot tower, replacing ones that were removed during World War II. The largest, named for Martin Luther, weights 7½ tons.

Col. Harold H. Schulz, U.S. Army chaplain, preached the dedication sermon, describing the bells as "symbols of our faith." Speyer's Memorial is known as the mother church of Protestantism.

Americans Wed Too Young?

Americans are marrying too young and without adequate preparation, says a Minnesota county district judge.

Theodore B. Knutson's report, read to 21 judges and 70 clergymen attending the Minneapolis Pastors' Action group, asserted that:

- In 60 per cent of the divorces studied, one or both parties were under 21.
- In almost every case, these young people had no pre-marriage counseling.
- Their knowledge of sex, for the most part, was of the "back-alley variety."
- Very few had a church wedding.

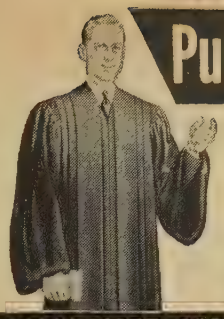
Board Helps 268 Churches

The Board of Missions has helped 268 local churches raise $20.4 million for building programs in 12 months, according to the Rev. Alton H. Lowe, director of the Board's professional fund-raising service. This, he said, brings to $123 million the amount raised in the last seven years.

"The flood of requests for fund-raising services continues unabated," he added. "All signs indicate the demand will probably go on indefinitely."

New Asbury Letters Found

Dr. J. Manning Potts, editor of *The Upper Room*, reports 40 little-known



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UNITED STATES COMMEMORATIVE collection, 25-10¢; 100-$1.00. Worldwide, 500-$1.00; 1,000-$2.00. Approvals. James Vaughan, St. Petersburg 7T, Florida.

TOURS

AFRICAN SAFARI AND SEMINAR, including Passion Play and visits to missions. Summer 1960. Enroll soon. Dr. Nora Thompson, 2237 County Line, Ardmore, Penna.

NOW EUROPEAN-PALESTINE tour, including Near East and Passion Play with experienced conductor and reliable travel bureau. Rev. Lester K. Welch, 320 Hamilton St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

letters of Bishop Francis Asbury have been uncovered. Dr. Potts is editing the letters.

Several of the finds, four of which have never been published, were in the Ridgley Collection in Baltimore's Lovely Lane Church. They were addressed to Mrs. Charles Ridgley, devout Methodist and church patron.

Another group, once published in the *New York Advocate and Journal,* was among the papers of Major Thomas Morrell, Revolutionary War hero, preacher, and friend of George Washington. He accompanied Coke, Asbury, and Dickins when they pledged allegiance to President Washington and the young republic. [See painting, November, 1959, page 35.]

The other letters were found in the Chicago Historical Society Library and among papers of Christopher Frye, one of Asbury's preachers and a presiding elder.

Methodist Minister, Rabbi Teach TV Bible Course

Some 1,000 persons now are taking a college course in the Old Testament over TV in Washington, D.C. Teachers are a Methodist minister and a rabbi.

The hour-long Saturday telecast is sponsored by the National Capital Area Council of Churches in co-operation with Methodist-related American University.

Dr. Edward W. Bauman, professor of religion at American, who pioneered a successful TV Bible class on the life of Christ last year, is the instructor; his assistant is Rabbi Balfour Brickner, spiritual leader of Washington's Temple Sinai. [See *Bible Study by Television,* September, 1959, page 62.]

Historic Bible Gift

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam has given a Bible once owned by John Wesley to Wesley Theological Seminary, Washington, D.C.

The Bible bears the notation, "J. W. 1751," in Wesley's handwriting. It came from England in 1882 as a gift to Bishop Matthew Simpson.

The presentation was made at services dedicating the Seminary's new $465,000 library.

Church Expands Mission Work in Eastern Cuba

To reach thousands almost untouched by Protestantism, The Methodist Church has begun an evangelistic campaign in eastern Cuba's rugged Sierra Maestra Mountains.

Despite Fidel Castro's threats to "throw out all Americans," Methodist ministers, missionaries, and lay workers are moving into the area. Churches and missions in towns at the foot of the mountains are being used as a base.

The campaign was launched at the 1959 session of the Cuba Conference.

CENTURY CLUB

TOGETHER's Club for Methodists 100 or more years old adds the names of nine more old folks to its honor roll this month:

Mrs. E. D. Leasure, 100, Wichita, Kans.

Mrs. Vesta Verner, 103, Suwanee, Ga.

Mrs. Annie Bonny, 105, Canute, Okla.

John H. Deisher, 100, Denver, Colo.

Mrs. Amanda Shipe Wright, 102, Las Cruces, N. Mex.

Mrs. Ella Elvira White, 102, Woodville, N.C.

Mrs. Martha M. Bowen, 100, Washington, D.C.

Mrs. A. W. Garfoot, 100, Wilmore, Ky.

Mrs. Joseph Rohrer, 100, Hagerstown, Md.

Names of other members will be listed as received from readers.

CAMERA CLIQUE

A Day in the Snow: Take another look at this pictorial opening on page 64 and you'll agree it's a mistake to stow your camera during cold-weather months. Winter photo excursions can pay off handsomely—if you keep a few precautions in mind. One: If possible, keep your camera under your coat except when in use. This helps keep lubricated moving parts from stiffening. (Professionals in polar regions remove all grease from shutters.) Two: Don't breathe on your camera. Moisture may condense there and freeze. Three: Don't count on using your flash outdoors in really cold weather unless the battery is fresh. Finally, if you plan to shoot inside and out in the same session, save outdoor shots for last. Going from cold to warm temperatures fogs lenses, a condition which may not clear up for 15 minutes.

Here are photo credits for this issue:

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Jeff Elliot, Dept. TG4, Statesville, N.C.

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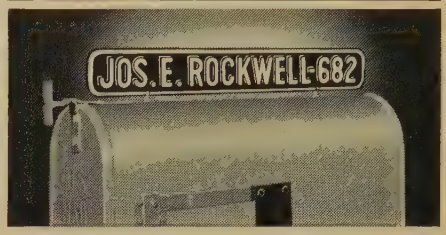
Any message up to 4 lines neatly printed in black on white, gilt-edged gummed paper, 1½ in. long. Padded and packed with 2¼ in. plastic box. *Quite possibly the best label value you can find.* (Note we tell you our sizes.) 1000 for $1 ppd. Any 5 or more orders, 80c each. Any 10, 75c; any 25 or more, 60c each. Via air, add 21c per 1000. Write for quantity discounts. Guaranteed. Prompt delivery. Bruce Bolind, 11 Bolind Bldg., Montrose 28, Calif. Thank you kindly!



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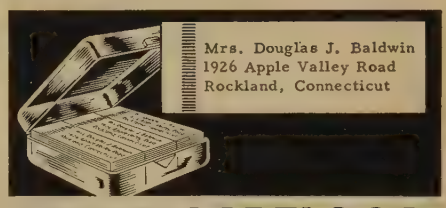

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Seeking new adventures in the micro-jungle, fledgling scientist Jim Williams positions a slide for study with his 450-power hobbyist's model.

A peek at the LITTLEST WORLD

ABOUT THE TIME fictional Dr. Lemuel Gulliver is supposed to have been shipwrecked on the island of Lilliput and captured by a nation of people just six inches tall, a flesh-and-blood Dutchman named Anton van Leeuwenhoek was ending one of the most remarkable scientific careers of all time. He, too, had discovered a strange miniature world. But its creatures were real, not like the imaginary Lilliputians Jonathan Swift described in *Gulliver's Travels*. And the truth was far stranger than fiction.

Leeuwenhoek's passkey to this littlest world was the microscope, which in his day (around 1700) was still crude. Yet with tiny lenses he ground by hand, Leeuwenhoek first studied and diagrammed bacteria and first accurately described red blood corpuscles. Through the microscope, a whole menagerie of tiny living things popped into his sight. No wonder this self-taught scientist gladly gave up a business career to spend a lifetime peering into this littlest world.

Although Leeuwenhoek has been called the father of microscopy, the microscopes he used to make little things big were inferior to many low-cost models now designed for hobbyists. Methods of collecting, preparing, and preserving specimens for study also are vastly improved. As a result, beginners today can see everything Leeuwenhoek could—and more.

What is there to see? An incomplete list would more than fill the pages of this magazine. Merely observing the living things found in a small bottle of pond water can keep amateur scientists busy for months.

That pond-water sample, for instance, might contain hydras, among the most fascinating of water creatures. To the naked eye they usually look like greenish threads attached to underwater stones or vegetation. Under a microscope, they resemble palm trees—but their gentle waving "branches" really are tentacles which grab and sting the hydras' prey. Then the victims are thrust into a mouth at the top of the trunk and eaten. All this action is easily seen in even a low-power microscope.

You're also likely to find some water fleas, often nicknamed micro-lobsters because of their thin, transparent shells. Since you can see right through them, these are favorite objects of study, especially the variety known as Daphnia. A microscope lets you see the tiny heart beating, blood flowing, even food being digested!

Name Your Hobby

Whatever your hobby specialty, it probably will be mentioned some month soon in *Name Your Hobby*, which appears on page 61 of this issue. Why not scan the current listings? Readers there are eager to swap experiences; just write to any of those named.—EDS.

That's typical of the microscopic orld. Even the green scum at a ond's edge shows up as beautiful aweed-like plants in many varieties. This littlest world has lured thou- nds of people of all ages and back- rounds, including those with no revious scientific know-how and ientists with decades of training be- nd them. Such vital breakthroughs n medicine as the Salk vaccine have ome largely through the electron icroscope, able to magnify more an 300,000 times. (At this degree of agnification, the common housefly ould be about 1½ miles long.) By udying ultra-miscroscopic particles nd cells, scientists say they hope to ncover many of the secrets of life.

For the average hobbyist, however, e old-fashioned microscope—resem- ling the one pictured on page 76—is owerful enough. What counts most a sharp lens, for high magnification useless if you can see only a hazy ur. For under $30, it is possible to et a satisfactory microscope magni- ing up to about 600 diameters; ome of the best buys are 200 or 300- ower models with distortion-free nses. For many observations, espe- ally of such things as insects, crys- ls, and textiles, magnifications of 25 100 diameters are sufficient. eeuwenhoek made some of his most nportant discoveries with lenses agnifying only 50 times.

Many microscopes come as part of ts containing accessories and pre- ared slide sets made up of textile bers, plant sections, and animal and sect parts. From these, scores of mateurs advance rapidly into mak- g their own slides of living things nd familiar objects.

Blood is one of the most popular bstances for slide making. And it blood that teaches many novices an nportant lesson: slide making is not s simple as it looks. Best results are ossible only when certain basic rules re followed. For example, blood cor- uscles are so numerous—about 2 bil- on per ounce of blood—that blood amples should be diluted to get a ear look at them. Staining makes he different kinds of cells stand out ven better.

But many interesting slide objects eed little special preparation. Try

Frost on a window? A fancy fishing lure? Actually, this bright abstraction is glycine, a normally colorless crystalline acid, as seen through polarizing discs.

taking a microscope and a patch of black velvet outside in a snowstorm. Let both cool to air temperature. Then catch a flake on the cloth—and get a close-up look at its delicate beauty. Or study salt, hair, fabrics, bread mold, yeast, thistles, pollen, sand, fingerprints, paper, onion skin, insect wings, and spices, all easily obtained. Even ordinary chemicals offer an endless variety of shapes and patterns. Simply viewing them through polarizing discs such as were used to take the color pictures on these pages can make any crystal formation a marvelous kaleidoscope of color.

Most micro-hobbyists eventually specialize. Collections of slides of diatoms are especially popular. These tiny plants live in shells having symmetrical designs, usually in such geometrical figures as circles, squares, and triangles. Some brands of tooth paste, tooth powder, and metal polish contain millions of fossilized diatom shells—about as convenient a source as you could hope for.

But before you specialize, or even shop for a microscope, read up on the subject. Among beginners' books in print are *Fun With Your Microscope,* by Ramond F. Yates (Appleton, $2.75), *The Microscope Made Easy,* by A. Laurence Wells (Frederick Warne, $3), *Exploring With Your Microscope,* by Julian D. Corrington (McGraw-Hill, $4.95), and a paperback by Johnson and Bleifeld, *Hunting With a Microscope* (Sentinel, 95¢). You'll also find a department on amateur microscopy in *Nature* Magazine, published 10 times a year by the American Nature Association, 1214 16th St., NW, Washington 6, D.C. Subscriptions are $5 yearly.

Once you get started with a microscope, you'll never run out of interesting new subjects to investigate. The microscopic world is so vast that new discoveries are being made every day, even by amateurs. Whatever your special interests, you'll soon marvel that even this incredibly complex littlest world is perfectly organized and regulated. Like the expanding universe too vast for the largest telescope, the micro-world shows the unmistakable touch of God's guiding hand.

This rich pattern might pass for a lush tropical plant—but, again, it's a crystalline substance, l-glutamic acid, magnified less than 80 times.

(Vermont Hillside *by Mrs. Wallace L. Learned, Essex Center, Vt.*)

STILLNESSES

By ELAINE V. EMANS

There is a stillness in the deep
Of night when wind and waters sleep,
And creatures make no cry, and there
Is stillness in a meadow where,
By noon, the snow has ceased to fall.
Yet any day or hour at all,
If I but seek it out, there is
A stillness in me where I may
Listen alone to hear what His
Voice, speaking to my heart, will say.

Another Christmas Journey to LOVELY LANE

175 years after the founding Christmas Conference, historic Lovely Lane Church, Baltimore, Md., again calls to the young preachers of Methodism. Between Christmas and New Year's Day these pastors and their wives will renew an inspiration rooted deeply in our heritage.

It is with great reverence that we recall this gathering of preachers in 1784. Here our Church was formally organized. Here was expressed our concern for education, evangelism, the importance of the printed word in proclaiming the Gospel.

God has blessed our Church abundantly. Schools, mission churches and hospitals, social service agencies around the world attest to the faith of our fathers. And the printed word has complemented the spoken word each step of the way.

TOGETHER Magazine is evidence anew of our Church's concern that its families be informed, inspired. And our families are responding to the challenge. The demand for copies of the 175th Anniversary edition (November, 1959) exceeded the pressrun—1,250,000. Regular distribution of the issue topped one million and included copies served to *all families* in 8,926 churches.

If yours is not an All Family Plan church, why not ask your pastor how it can benefit from this subscription plan or write TOGETHER for information. Through the All Family Plan, every family in your congregation can receive TOGETHER every month at the low rate of $2.60 a year—billed quarterly at 65¢ a family.

Individual subscription: $4. a year.
Club Plan group rate: $3.20 a year.

Together

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Lovely Lane Methodist Church, Baltimore, Maryland, is an All Family Plan church.